

FOURTH WEEKLY ISSUE OF

SEPTEMBER 9, 1984

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



25 CENTS



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Seagram's VO

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY —
A BLEND... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD



WHO was the third man? When I was looking over the lead story in our first issue, the third man in our picture (above) of Bannister and Landy caught my eye. I was delighted to learn that he was Bob Schulman, Time Inc.'s Seattle bureau chief (whom I had never met)—and that in the first story of our first issue, here was a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reporter on top of the news like butter on bread.

I found out that Paul O'Neil, who wrote the stirring story of the "Mile of the Century," had planned to watch the race from the grandstand, while Schulman would be on the infield of the track, to work with our photographer, Mark Kauffman, and at the same time gather additional facts and color for O'Neil's final report. At the finish, Schulman had simply decided that the best place for a reporter to be was where he could hear what the two great four-minute milers were going to say to each other. (O'Neil said admiringly that from the stands, the easiest way for him to locate Bannister and Landy in the excitement after the race was to follow the shining, sunlit head of Bob Schulman.)

A number of you wrote to us asking how we could cover the British Empire Games with such speed—how a magazine that was being read on Thursday could have carried a complete account of a race which had been run in Vancouver only the previous Saturday afternoon.

The answer is that we have a team of journalists and production people trained to meet weekly deadlines as a matter of course. Their experience, plus the most modern typesetting, printing, and distribution methods, make this speed possible. The biggest news events in sport frequently happen over the weekend, and you can be sure that we will continue to bring full reports on them to you in that same week's issue.

Although news is not the whole story of sport as we see it, a big part of our obligation nonetheless is to get the action to you on the very heels of the events. The Bob Schulmans of our organization will help us fulfill another part of that obligation by bringing you as close to that action as is possible, wherever in the world it takes place.

Harry Phillips



JIMMY JEMAL

JIMMY JEMAL'S

HOTBOX

The Question: Are today's baseball players sissies compared to the old-timers? (Asked of members of the Baseball Hall of Fame)

The Answers:



LEFTY GROVE
PHILADELPHIA A'S
PITCHER

"Yes. The old-timers did a lot more with much less. On the field the other guys were our enemies. No fraternizing. Today a guy will get a single and start gabbing with the first baseman. He can't pitch and play every position on the team. Pitcher Radbourne did. He played in 85 games one year and won 60."



PAUL WANER
PITTSBURGH PIRATES
OUTFIELD

"No. Baseball is a more aggressive game today. The players can't let up a bit. In my day we could. Today the pitcher has to throw hard to every man in the line-up. That's the reason for so many substitutions. There are many more home-run batters playing today. And there are cracker-jack fielders."



ROGERS HORNSBY
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS
SECOND BASE

"Yes. It would seem so, but it's the fault of the managers, not the players. They change men too often. A pitcher will be removed for one bad pitch. A left-handed batter will be removed for a right-hander, for the percentage. Would they ever have taken out Cobb, Speaker, Wagner or Frisch?"



AL SIMMONS
PHILADELPHIA A'S
OUTFIELD

"No. It was soft for us. We had no Sunday games. Besides double-headers, today's players have to play day, night and Sunday baseball. But, of course, we did have players like Ty Cobb, who led the American League in hitting 12 times. He had 4,191 hits when he retired. And 'Shoelless' Joe Jackson. What a man?"



CARL HUBBELL
N. Y. GIANTS
PITCHER

"Many of the players today are fully as good as most of the old-timers. But comparisons are difficult to make. One of Ty Cobb's great assets was base-stealing; in the 1915 season he stole 96 bases, a record that still stands. With the rabbit ball today, why risk an out? It's better to wait for the long hit."



CY YOUNG
CLEVELAND INDIANS
PITCHER

"Yes. They can't take it. I've seen some of them threaten the pitcher when a ball brushed them back. Most rugged old-timers took this as a part of the game. It's the rule today to use several pitchers in one game. Iron Man McGinnity pitched 55 games for the Giants in 1903. He won three double-headers in one month."



FRED CLARKE
PITTSBURGH PIRATES
OUTFIELD

"Yes. I'll prove it with one man, Hans Wagner. Everyone calls him the greatest shortstop of all time. But he was also the greatest outfielder I ever saw. And he could play first base better than Hal Chase. With the rabbit ball he would have hit 60 home runs every year. Anyone like him today?"



JIMMY FOXX
PHILADELPHIA A'S
FIRST BASE

"Today they don't have the great number of tough players and batters. That is because life is different. As a kid I used to shovel manure with a pitchfork. Today everything is done by machines. There'll never be an 'Old Hoss' Radbourne again. In one season he pitched the last 27 games and won 26."



PIE TRAYNOR
PITTSBURGH PIRATE
THIRD BASE

"We. Players today like Ted Williams, Stan Musial, Duke Snider, Eddie Mathews, Mickey Mantle, Bob Feller, Phil Rizzuto and Pee-wee Reese are as rugged as any of the old-timers. The trouble is that they are handicapped by having to play day and night baseball. This shortens their careers."



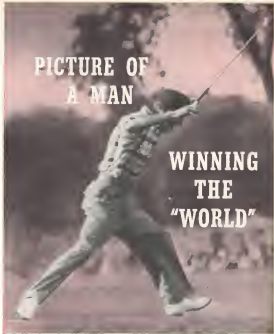
FRANKIE FRISCH
N.Y. GIANTS
SECOND BASE

"It's tough to say who are the tougher. Night games and the rabbit ball have changed everything. The managers seldom play for one run. And the players swing from the end of the bat. But baseball is a nicer game today. They meet you at the train and drive you to the park. TV has them hamming. But we got more fun out of the game."



ED WALSH
CHICAGO WHITE SOX
PITCHER

"Certainly. Our player limit was 15. We had to play every game. Now every ball club has at least 25 players and the managers use the double platoon system. We had three or four pitchers. Now they have 10. I pitched 66 full games in one season, won 40 and saved 12. They paid me \$3,800. What would they pay me today?"



Associated Press Photo

Bob Toski's MacGregor MT ball drops for \$100,000!

Eight feet from a fortune... steady now... there it goes... rolling... IN! You've won the "World" championship and \$100,000! How does it feel? Here's a picture of the way Bob Toski felt a split second after he had done it at George S. May's Tam O'Shanter.

Bob Toski plays MacGregor MT Clubs and Balls exclusively. They give him the kind of control and confidence that pay off in the clutch—just as they did when Lew Worsham won last year's "World" championship. Get the most out of your game with MacGregor!

MT Clubs and Balls are sold thru Golf Professionals only.



BOB TOSKI

Bob Toski and Lew Worsham are valued members of the MacGregor Advisory Staff.



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THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

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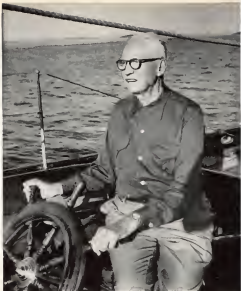


"We call them more closely than most umpires, doesn't he?"

PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines.

THOMAS H. SHEPARD started sailing with a ten-foot rowboat in Boston's Dorchester Bay when he was six. This year, at 87, he won the Marblehead Race Week lightship race ("for the sixth or eighth time, I can't remember") despite a broken spine. The Brookline, Mass. lumber and manufacturing executive attributes his good health to sailing, picks his crews from among three children, seven grandchildren, 12 great-grandchildren.



MARION PARK, 14-year-old sophomore at Miami Beach High School, is considered a great diving prospect. In her first year of competition she has won the Florida senior and junior one-meter championships, followed by the national junior three-meter title. Marion is so wrapped up in diving that there is time for little else, even boys, but she likes art and dramatics, is currently shunning sweets to slenderize her hips for better diving form.



ANN MARSTON was born in England near Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest, which may account for her skill with bow and arrow. The cute Wyandotte, Mich. youngster has broken all junior archery records. This year at 15 she entered the senior championships (18 and over), finished a strong fifth. Ann's parents both shoot. Last year the Marstons won the U.S. family archery title.

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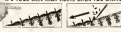
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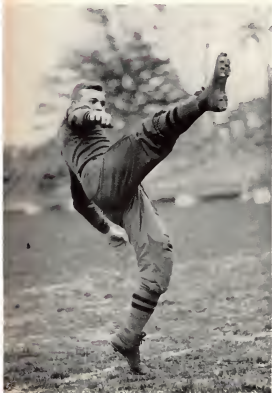
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'THE KANSAS CYCLONE'

The President's love of sports is as much a part of his personality as the Eisenhower grin. And whether opponent is par, a rainbow or visiting team, Ike plays hard



AT WEST POINT, HALFRACK EISENHOWER EARNED NAME OF "KANSAS CYCLONE"

FORTY-ONE years ago the judicious New York Times said of West Point's Dwight David Eisenhower: "He is one of the most promising backs in Eastern football." A knee injury cut short Ike's football career but not before he earned one of the biggest sport thrills—downing Jim Thorpe in a game between Carlisle and the cadets.

The President's favorite today is golf, a game he consistently played in the low 80's before he became Chief Executive. On his current Colorado vacation, he will spend much of his free time battling par. An expert at dry-fly trout fishing, he will also have a chance to cast in the rainbow-filled streams near Denver.



1ST LIEUT. Eisenhower, shown here in rare photo, was volunteer coach of a San Antonio college football team in 1916.



TROUT FISHERMAN relaxes in waders after trying his luck in Colorado streams.



QUAIL HUNTER uses shotgun decorated with the five stars of his military rank.



BASEBALL FAN (pro Senators now) jumped to his feet and let out involuntary howl at umpire's decision in favor of visiting New York Yankees.

in his hand

Wrap the big hand around the little hand... for now begins a little heart's journey into prayer... the guide is Dad, the goal is a security not even he can provide.

But the pattern is security, and it is Dad's privilege to supply his part of it for the little hearts in his care.

In this binding, enclosing love life finds its finest answer.

The security of our homes is our worthiest goal. And providing it is a privilege unique in a country like ours, where each of us is free to choose his way.

And, think: The security that begins in your home, joined to that of other homes, builds the strength of America.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a plan. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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COVER: Yacht racing
Long Island Sound

Photograph by RICHARD MEEK

Every summer weekend Skipper Gih Wolfe drives his family 250 miles from Schenectady, N.Y., to Mystic, Conn. to sail their white-hulled beauty, the 45-foot sloop *Whirlee*. Sometimes Wolfe races, sometimes he just sails. This time, with a fresh breeze filling the canvas, he is on a close reach in a regatta of the Off Soundings Club. For more Off Soundings pictures see pages 39-48.

Reprinted from page 44

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

**HERMAN HICKMAN SELECTS
THE TOP FOOTBALL TEAMS**

For the past fortnight SI's football expert has been touring the U.S. Now he is ready to name his "11 elevens"—the best in the U.S. as of Sept. 13

GIANT AMONG GIANTS
A portrait of Johnny Antonelli by DAN PARKER

THE HIMALAYAN SWEEPSTAKES
The biggest mountain climb year in history is described by Dr. Charles Houston who led the U.S. K-2 expedition in 1952, with an eight-page supplement IN COLOR

BASEBALL IN THE STRETCH
The spectacle of the National and American League leaders in their pennant drives, in action pictures by HY PERKIN and others



ARNOLD PALMER, LEADING 1 UP AFTER 35 HOLES, LAID THIS 4-IRON APPROACH SHOT 14 FT. FROM PIN.

BATTLE FOR THE AMATEUR

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

DETROIT

IF YOU WANTED to give it a touch of Hollywood coloration—and to do so proved irresistible to a large number of the spectators gathered for the event at the Country Club of Detroit—the final match of the 54th annual United States Amateur championship was a scenario writer's dream come true: it brought together "a graying millionaire playboy who is a celebrity on two continents" and a "tanned, muscular young salesman from Cleveland who literally grew up on a golf course" and pitted them against each other in a "battle of the classes." Actually, there was no need to exaggerate the personalities of the two finalists (or the nature of their duel), for the contrast was

a highly dramatic one without gilding one blade of grass.

On one hand there was Robert Sweeney, 43 (and graying), six foot three and as slim as a one-iron, the son of an investment banker who was educated at Oxford, won the British Amateur in 1937, organized the Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F. in World War II, and whose fairly permanent address is London (where the family business has its headquarters) but who regularly spends about half of each year in the States, most of it around New York and Palm Beach and most of those hours on the courses of the Seminole, Sands Point, Deepdale and Meadowbrook golf clubs. On the other hand there was Arnold Palmer, 24, a compact five foot eleven, seven months out of the Coast Guard, the son of the professional at the Latrobe Golf Club in Latrobe, Pa., an industrial town 40 miles from Pittsburgh. Palmer had learned to drive the club's tractor when he was seven, grown up with golf, attended Wake Forest College before and after his three-year hitch in the Coast Guard, and earlier this summer had won his first important tournament, the All-American at Tam O'Shanter.

With such a cast of characters and a fine setting—a flat but well-trapped and thoroughly testing course—all that was required to make a 36-hole final a memorable one was good golf. The golf was very good. On the second hole, Sweeney, a magnificent putter, holed a 45-footer for a birdie. On the third, he holed from 18 feet for another birdie. Before anyone had quite digested this, he stepped up to his 20-footer on the fourth green, interlocked his fingers



WINNER PALMER, 24, and Loser Sweeney, 43, shook hands, walked off last green, their faces reflecting private thoughts.



BOB SWEENEY, 1 DOWN, GOT AROUND TREES ON SAME HOLE BUT FELL SHORT OF GREEN ON THIS SHOT

The muscular young salesman and the graying millionaire met in the finals at Detroit and fought an exciting duel to the 36th hole

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD NEEK

down the shaft, settled himself into his slightly open stance, pumped his right knee half a dozen times, and stroked the ball into the cup for still another birdie. This spree of Sweeney's charged the final right off the reel with excitement it never lost.

ATTACK AND COUNTERATTACK

Three up that soon, Sweeney stopped his own rush on the fifth green when, understandably fired with confidence, he went too boldly for another long putt and eventually three putted. The match then settled down into a dogged duel. Palmer, outdriving Sweeney consistently, sometimes by as much as 40 yards, got back to even by taking the 8th, 9th, and 10th and was on the verge of making it four holes in a row when Sweeney, confronted with holing a difficult 12-footer to halve the 11th, did so. That is the way it went, a tense, deliberate battle of attack and counterattack, Palmer never quite able to stick his nose in front, Sweeney carefully nursing the groove of his fluid, old-style golf swing and rebounding from challenge after challenge—amazingly for a man in his 40s with five gruelling days of match play behind him—to lead two up at the end of 18, to still lead one up after 29.

Then Palmer came on again and this time he made it. Back to even on the 30th. One up for the first time in the long day's chase with a fine iron to the 32nd. Then two up with a great birdie on the 33rd. Though Sweeney fought back to take the 35th with a 15-footer that he had to hole



TIRING SWEENEY'S chip shot on last hole finished 7 ft. from the cup, but Palmer, still 1 up, had the match won.

to keep alive and so carried the match right to the home green, in the opinion of both finalists it was the 33rd that was decisive. A short par-4 that measures 365 yards, the 33rd (or 15th) is a fairly sharp dogleg to the left, traps at



the angle of the dogleg 250 to 260 yards from the tee, the green plateaued and guarded severely by traps. With no need to take chances, Palmer played his drive cautiously down the right hand side of the fairway and lofted a lovely approach with his pitching wedge seven feet from the pin. Sweeney, who had placed his drive close to the traps at the angle of the dogleg, then played a superb shot 12 feet past the pin. Had he been able to hole his putt, it would have shifted the burden of the pressure to Palmer. He barely failed. The ball caught the right-hand corner of the cup and twisted out. Palmer then holed his seven-footer to go two up with three to play, and that in essence was the match.

FALL OF THE FAVORITES

This taut, exhausting final—along with the equally stirring semifinal match which Palmer pried away from Ed Meister in the gloaming on Friday with a birdie on the long 89th—changed the whole aspect of the 1954 Amateur which had been building rapidly downhill from Wednesday morning on and at several moments threatened to disappear entirely from view. On that Wednesday morning, when the third-round matches were played, the tournament lost Harvie Ward and Billy Joe Patton, the top favorites and two vital personalities who were expected to “make” the tournament. Patently overgolfed from two arduous weeks of competition (during which he won the Canadian Amateur), Ward came up against Frank Stranahan. Harvie trailed most of the way and, when he finally staged a last-ditch rally to take the 16th and 17th and square the match, he proceeded to toss it away by pushing his iron to the 18th into the bunker before the green.

Patton's third-round match with Don Doe, a pudgy young man from Granby, Quebec, who was a finalist in the 1953 Canadian Amateur, had much the same pattern to it as Ward's. It was a pursuit that failed just when success seemed possible if not assured. Spraying his tee-shots with his usual impartiality to the rough on both sides

of the fairway, Billy Joe fell behind at the ninth, then caught his man on the 14th. They halved the 15th in fours. On the short 16th, Patton pulled his six-iron into the trap at the left of the green. Doe put his iron well on, about 30 feet from the hole. Through years of experience, Patton probably plays trap shots better than any other amateur, and here he played a beauty that sat down quickly and ran dead for the cup, struck the back of the rim, and bobbled two inches away. Such a shot at such a critical stage should have shaken Doe. He putted, almost too quickly it seemed, and dropped it for a duce. On to the 17th, and if it hadn't been a Patton match in which anything is probable, what happened on the 17th would have been incredible. The 17th is a straightaway hole 460 yards long; the members of the Country Club of Detroit play it as a par five, but it was rated a four for the Amateur since it can be reached with two very good shots. Patton hit them. He lay two, 50 feet from the cup, in an excellent position to pick up this important hole. Doe, feeling the pressure, had half-missed his fairway wood and was faced with a fairly tough pitch over a trap to the pin some 60 yards away. Doe went with his wedge. It looked as if he belied the shot a bit, for the ball flew low and fast and struck the green only two yards in front of the pin. On its first fast bounce, it hit the base of the pin, head-on, and went—smacko—into the cup. Now, to keep the match alive, Patton had to hole his 50-footer for a half in threes. It was too much to expect even of a person of Patton's courage. He holed it. Both slightly shell-shocked, Patton and Doe



moved on to the 18th. Billy Joe played it very humanly and very badly. He was short on his approach with a punched eight-iron. He was 12 feet short with his chip. He was a foot short with his putt. He had plain run out of miracles.

So Patton went out, and so ended one of the most remarkable chapters in the entire history of golf. It was the first time over a stretch of four and a half months—since his sudden emergence in the Masters—that Patton had been outscored by any golfer he had been paired with, and he had been paired in the Masters by Byron Nelson, Lloyd Mangrum, and Jimmy Demaret and in the Open with Claude

THE NEW CHAMPION



Arnold Palmer: Born in Youngstown, Pa., Sept. 10, 1929, the son of the pro at the Ladbroke Golf Club. After graduating from Ladbroke High in 1947, attended Wake Forest College and got in three-year hitch in Coast Guard. Single.

Golfing Background: Started to play at 11, two years later won the Western Pennsylvania Junior. Took the Southern Intercollegiate in 1950, this summer the All-American at Tom O'Shanter.

On the Course: Salesman for a Cleveland painting-supplies company.

Next Aim: U.S. Walker Cup team.

Harmon, Lew Worsham, and Ben Hogan. "It was just one of those things, that streak, and nobody knew it any better than I did," Patton remarked as he packed up his bags. "I could practically feel that little man riding right on my shoulder. Well, now it's over and my feet are back on the ground, just where they were before this all started." Then Billy Joe Patton, the best thing that has happened to American golf since the invention of the wooden tee, headed home to Morganton, N.C.

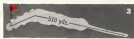
The loss of Patton and Ward, so early in the week, was one of the hardest blows, gate-wise and otherwise, inflicted on the Amateur since 1929 when Bobby Jones was eliminated in the first round at Pebble Beach. It was doubly calamitous since so many other "name players" had already been defeated over the bazarous 18-hole route. Charley Coe, Sam Urzetta and Ted Bishop, all former champions, went out in the first round. So did Rex Baxter, without a doubt the most impressive young golfer in the country; through the vagaries of the blind draw, Baxter had the misfortune to meet Patton and lost on the first extra-hole. Willie Turnesa, Bruce Cudd and Joe Conrad were eliminated in the second round, Jimmy Jackson and Hobart Manley in the third, and Doe, Patton's conqueror, in the fourth. On Thursday morning, when the wreckage had been cleared away and the fifth round got underway, Frank Stranahan, who has taken 3 unsuccessful

cracks at the Amateur, was installed as the sentimental favorite. That morning Frank was outplayed by Palmer and lost 3 and 1. Then perhaps it could be Bill Campbell's tournament, and that would be popular; Bill, who is getting to be the Craig Wood of amateur golf, had lost in the final of both the British and Canadian championships earlier this year. No, not Campbell either. Out he went in the fifth round, too, soon to be joined after the sixth by Dale Morey, last year's runner-up, and the last of the Walker Cup players, Don Cherry, the crooner. Cherry's stamina in lasting that long was rather wondrous in itself. Don makes it a habit to parlay night club appearances with his tournament appearances—a nice habit it is, too, at around \$850 a week—and each morning, at 12:45 a.m., when the other competitors were sleeping, or trying to, Don was playing a floor show at one of Dearborn's smarter clubs. In any event, Don was eliminated by Palmer on Thursday afternoon, and this ruined any chances of a meeting between him and Ed Meister which could have been billed as the Meister-singer engagement. Things had come to such a pass by this time that, in the groggy atmosphere of the locker room, this was received as a fairly bon mot.

THE PALMER METHOD

Then, just when the tournament seemed most formless, it began to take shape. Arnold Palmer, who had started the week as the leading dark horse, logically became the favorite on Friday, morning of the semifinals. Palmer had been killing giants all week in very tight matches; 1 up over Frank Stranahan in the first round; 3 and 1 over Stranahan; 1 up over Cherry after standing two down with seven to play. A medal player by disposition who even in the throes of a match gauges himself by the number of strokes he is above or below par, Palmer is a puzzling golfer to assess. There is no faulting him as a striker of the ball, but his swing is definitely on the flat side, and he compensates for a tendency to come into the ball with a slightly closed face by riding his right-hand grip well on top of the shaft. Throughout the tournament, Palmer would play four or five holes in a row with great authority. Then he would erase the impression that he is almost as finished a shot-maker as Gene Littler was a year ago by smothering a drive or bumbling unsurely under an explosion shot. He is a sound putter and above all a player of tremendous determination.

On Thursday night when the word that he had gained the semifinals reached Palmer's parents in Latrobe, they climbed into their auto and headed for Detroit. They stopped at a motel in Lodi, Ohio for three quick hours of sleep, then resumed their all-night drive and arrived at the course just as their son was teeing off on his 39-hole marathon with Ed Meister, a solid golfer who captained the Yale golf team in 1940 and now, at 38, publishes trade papers for the fruit industry in Cleveland. Four times—on the 35th, 36th, 37th, and 38th greens—Meister had victory at the tips of his fingers, but failed to hole successive putts of 10, 14, 5 and 16 feet. On the long 39th, after these multiple close calls,

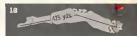


Palmer was in a mood to appreciate an opportunity and to seize it. He played one of his best shots, two-iron to the back edge of the green, and was down in two safe putts, and the longest semifinal in Amateur history was over.

SWEENEY'S VICTORY

In the meantime, in the other semifinal, Sweeney had taken care, 5 and 4, of Ted Lenzyk, the brother of Grace Lenzyk, the 1948 national women's champion. No one seemed precisely certain just how Lenzyk had ghosted his way to the semis and, for that matter, no one had paid much attention to Sweeney. Round by round, he was expected to fall, and round by round he had advanced, defeating first-rate men like Eddie Merrins and Dale Morey,

putting beautifully and stroking his shots from tee to green with a lyrical swing that has altered very little if at all since his days at Oxford and his first attempts in the British Amateur. Reaching the final and playing so well in it was a heartening accomplishment for Sweeney. He has never managed to play nearly so well in Ameri-



can tournaments as in Britain and has been extremely well aware that he has always been regarded in this country as slightly less than a top-notch golfer. That should bother him no longer.

On top of this, Bob Sweeney scored another sizable victory. Since the life he leads is quite remote from most Americans—few of whom have the wherewithal to harden themselves for competition in \$500 Nassau matches at Seminole—and since his David Niven manner embodies distance as well as charm, American golfers and golf fans have never warmed up to him. They did at Detroit, and one of his staunchest admirers was Arnold Palmer. After the final was over and Palmer had been piped to the clubhouse to the strains of *To the Victor*—supplied by that Detroit institution, Mr. Finzel's 12-piece military band—a friend inquired what Sweeney had said to him in the morning when he had thrown his arm over Palmer's shoulder as they walked off the fourth green, the scene of Sweeney's third consecutive birdie putt. "Oh," Palmer recollected with a smile. "He told me, 'Arnie, you know there's one consolation. You know I can't keep doing this.'"

AS USUAL, MANY A FINE GOLFER FELL BY THE WAYSIDE



THIRD ROUND brought two of best matches of the week as Toledo's Frank Stranahan, shown putting (left), put out San Francisco's Harvie Ward and crowd favorite, Billy Joe Patton (right), was beaten by Canadian Don Doe, shown watching Billy's drive.

DRAWBACKS OF THE PRESIDENCY . . . AN UNATHLETIC GIRL

Decibels

SUMMER, hurrying to its close, produced a week of climax and contention.

► All four front-running big league baseball clubs kept jostling, shirt-sleeved weekend crowds roaring with high-decibel tension. In the American League, Cleveland was four games ahead of New York by Sunday and in the National League the Giants were one and a half games in front of the Dodgers as they headed for this week's trysts with fate and each other—the Indian-Yankee, Giant-Dodger series which could all but settle the 1954 pennant races in a few explosive days. The hum of eventfulness even played over Williamsport, Pa., where baseball's Little Leaguers, striking major-league postures, settled the championship of the 12-and-under set (see pages 24-25).

► In track-and-field events, Russia's heralded athletes scored 269 points and swept the European Games at Bern, Switzerland—though not without an unplanned touch of comedy. Soviet Marathoner Ivan Filin, a gaunt little ex-coal miner, trotted into Neufeld Stadium in the lead but groggily started his lap around the track clockwise (in Europe races are run counterclockwise). Officials turned him around after 30 yards, but in that time Finland's Veikko Karvonen, winner of this year's Boston marathon, was on his way to victory, and Russia's Boris Grischayev on his way to second. After Filin's fist-shaking protests, the officials awarded him an extra gold medal.

► The somnolent metropolis of Philadelphia was roused with cries and countercries. Second Baseman Granny Hamner of the Phillies (who made headlines earlier by nabbing a private detective in the act of trailing him home) bitterly complained that the club was still treating players "like high school kids." In retort, Manager Terry Moore complained, among other things, that some players had been airily drinking whisky before his very eyes. After thinking it all over for a day, Hamner apologized and quiet descended once more.

► Horse racing, too, enjoyed a brief, refreshing line squall. Owner Andy Crevolin (whose Determine won the Kentucky Derby, whose stable has amassed more than \$656,130 in winnings this year) announced in a magazine interview that neither he nor many another turfman ran young horses to win in early races. The Illinois Racing

Commission turned on him, furious as downers confronted by a tattooed woman. Crevolin, too, apologized (see page 56)—although he waited five days to Granny Hamner's one.

► Meanwhile, as their elders quarrelled, sporting youth helped itself liberally to the huckleberry pie of victory. Twenty-four-year-old Arnold Palmer of Cleveland rallied at the last minute to defeat 43-year-old veteran Robert Sweeney of New York and win the U.S. Amateur golf tournament.

Fourteen-year-old Nick Egan, an ice-cream-gulping high school sophomore from Flushing, L.I., outshot the biggest trapshooting field in history to win the 55th Grand American Handicap—while 14-year-old Dianne Williamson, a ninth-grader from Compton, Calif., beat all feminine contestants in the trapshoot (see page 22).

► And, last but far from least, Nashua, a two-year-old trained by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, won the \$78,750 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga with Eddie Arcaro up—and seemed (with Native Dancer retired and this year's U.S. three-year-olds a less than fascinating lot) on the way to becoming the nation's next equine hero. "I don't know whether he's ready . . . just yet," said Arcaro not long ago, "but in the long run you just watch him, he's the best." Nashua, as it turned out, was ready.

FOOTBALL NONCONFORMIST



Watch the guards,
The experts say;
They're the tip-off
To the play.

But I shall peek
And see, this fall,
What is happening
To the ball.

—Barney Hutchison

Applause on the Platte

PROPERLY conceived, pursuit of the noble trout is an intellectual as well as a satisfyingly atavistic occupation, and there are few men who do not feel an urge to be alone when they wade out, fly rod in hand, to stalk the

runs and riffles of their favorite stream. All over the country last week, fishermen shuddered as if with the ague when they contemplated the drawbacks of the presidency, and vehemently informed their long-suffering wives that they would not take the job if George Washington himself returned from the grave, white charger and all, and personally pleaded with them to move into the White House.

They were referring, of course, to the fact that crowds of excited Coloradans lined a dirt road along the north fork of the South Platte River one day last week and watched Ike Eisenhower's fishing technique with a disconcerting beat. But even though Ike grumbled a bit himself at the lack of privacy, there is good reason to believe that the average U.S. fisherman would have ceased shuddering and swapped places with him in an instant if the opportunity had only arisen.

The scene of the presidential outing, for one thing, was enough to make the average fly fisherman stare like an owl at noon. Beyond the flat grassy meadows of the Swan Herd Ranch (owned by Denver Banker Bal Swan, an old friend of the Eisenhowers) the pine-dotted Colorado mountains stood in craggy majesty against a clear blue sky. As Ike advanced, in a powder blue Stetson, loud yellow shirt, fishing jacket and hip boots, clear warm sunlight bathed the high (7,500 feet) valley. The river ran crystal clear over its riffles, blue-green in its deep pools. And within moments after Ike made his first cast—he fished a black-bodied dry fly tied on a No. 14 hook—a two-foot rainbow rolled and sucked it in. The water was full of big, hungry trout—Friend Swan had thoughtfully purchased 500 pounds of them from nearby Elk Creek Hatchery a few days before and dumped them into the river.

It was, in a word, a situation beyond the ordinary. Even purists, who argue that only wild trout deserve their attentions, seldom bridle at a planted fish manfully enough to rise to the fly—if they have cast the fly. And a good deal of a fisherman's desire for privacy stems, in all honesty, from the need to be alone in those horrible moments when his fly hangs up in a tree or he puts down a fish with a cast calculated to frighten a whale. Once engaged in combat with a big one he is apt to yell for a gallery—and Ike, before his admiring claque, took trout after trout with nonchalance and ease.

The first two-footer got away. There

were times later, when his attention wandered—he snagged a bush at one point as a delighted elderly housewife called: "Hello, Mr. Eisenhower. I came here last year to see you. God bless you!" But he had a dozen trout by lunchtime, among them a 16-inch which weighed almost two pounds. He donned an apron and cooked them for his friends over an outdoor barbecue, and returned to the stream for more in the afternoon—though he was fishing public water, the stream had been privately stocked and the State of Colorado had no objection to his exceeding the normal legal limit of 10 fish. He headed back to Denver with the air of a man who had lived. This week, furthermore, he planned to go deeper into the Rockies, to distant St. Louis Creek—there, with another eminent U.S. dry-fly artist named Herbert Hoover, he will attack the trout again with nobody but Secret Service men.

Minor sport (farm)

IN HOG CALLING, as in life at large, there is a right way and a wrong way. Herewith, for their inspirational value, are the official rules for scoring



the hog callers who last week competed in a farm sports festival held on the campus of the University of Illinois:

"A. VOLUME OF CARRYING CAPACITY. This is important because the voice must reach the ears of the hogs if they are in the backfield.

"B. APPEAL. The voice must be earnest and sincere, denoting honesty. It must carry conviction to the hogs that their supper awaits them.

"C. VARIETY. A varied call is more interesting and penetrating than a monotonous one given in the same key.

"D. ORIGINALITY. The hog should know his master's voice so he may not be fooled by impostors.

"E. CLEARNESS AND MUSICAL QUALITY. A clear, musical call is more enticing and appealing than a throaty one lacking music. Hogs enjoy music and happiness aids digestion. A musical call will bring them in quicker and with better appetite."

In other words, the hog expects you to have a voluminous musical appeal with varied originality. And, oh yes, a pair of leather lungs.

Incorrigibly unathletic

WOMEN are so pleasantly constituted that they cannot compete on even terms with men in sports. This fact was accepted in Victorian times as healthy and normal, like fainting, and a girl who did not like athletics was welcomed everywhere.

Even today, in spite of the eminence of Babe Zaharias and Maureen Connolly, there still are members of the sex who do not care for athletics. A father of one of these, after profitlessly studying his daughter for 16 years in the hope of finding some outdoorsy thing which would interest her, has come to the conclusion that she is incorrigibly unathletic. So have the authorities at the school she attends.

For some time now there has been a conflict between the daughter, who dislikes sports, and the authorities, who insist on sports. She describes the authorities as "pedagogic bureaucrats," making it sound like something which has been spat. The bureaucrats are determined that every girl in the school shall engage in athletics, as they put it, and not just gym but something competitive. The girls are required to choose among field hockey, volley ball and a version of softball.

What riles the daughter as much as anything is that this compulsion is selective. It does not apply to boys. Boys can collect stamps if they like. Girls have to get out in the open and sweat.

She sees in the rule all kinds of dark implications, such as the possibility that some day women will be working on road gangs during summer vacations in order to stay in something that may be called shape. We are being Russified, she says, in the name of democracy. She refers to her volley ball team (she chose volley ball) as "the collective" and to the captain of the team as "Rough Cut."

During a vacation which looks forward once more to school—and a choice between volley ball and field hockey—her morale has been sustained only by the memory of an event which featured the Victory Celebration of her volley ball team last season. She was voted Most Detrimental.

Look sharp, Vermont

ITS LAST PROBLEM solved with the hiring of engineers who can get to work next winter on skis, Vermont's first television transmitter went into operation atop Mount Mansfield last week. Although some Vermonters have been kibitzing on New York and Canadian television stations, the entire state will now be exposed to video. Thus, what has become commonplace to most other Americans will come fresh and startling to thousands of new viewers. Soon Vermonters will be whistling (in spite of themselves) the *Look Sharp Be Sharp* March, which has become the theme music for many a sports event. A little later, the same Vermonters may be wishing they had never heard the thing or, indeed, its companion piece, the stirring *Hou're Ya Fixed for Blues?* But Vermonters will find that the price they pay is not too high. For the theme music will herald some of the best sports events on the calen-

dar: the World Series, the Rose Bowl game, the Kentucky Derby, the big fights. And even the most sophisticated sports fans among them now have an edifying experience in store for them. Inevitably, in one of the commercial interludes—there in their own homes among the Green Mountains—they may see a ball player shave.

Disruptive St. Leger

IT is traditional that the St. Leger Stakes be run at Doncaster, near Sheffield, on a Wednesday. But tradition and economics are barely on speaking terms in England nowadays, and so this year, as in all but one since 1939, the famous race will be run on a Saturday—September 11.

Each year Doncaster hopefully schedules the race for a Wednesday and each year, at the last moment, is forced to move it to the weekend. The reason, as reported by *The Sporting Life*: "Representations had been made to the government by South Yorkshire industrialists that a midweek St. Leger would disrupt production and cause voluntary absenteeism. . . ."

In 1946, the one year since World War II began that the St. Leger was held on a Wednesday, the *Yorkshire Post* estimated a turnout of 250,000. The St. Leger did not always attract great crowds. In 1777, 150 good seats were offered, at seven guineas each, with first refusal to "the noblemen and gentlemen that live in the town and the neighborhood." Seventy-nine of the tickets were sold.

The striped cometh

THE BIG FELLOW is out there somewhere, having a high old time, chasing his sea-going snacks right up to the beaches on the black and stormy nights. These are the nights when the surf casters put on their foul-weather gear and come out in force because they know that the worse the weather, the closer the big fellow will come.

Right now, the big fellow is smart. He's been smart ever since he swam out of Chesapeake Bay in the late spring and started his annual journey north. He has been laughing his striped bass laugh as he has spotted the plugs and



jigs cast before him in an attempt to deceive him. The big fellow is buying none of these tackle shop tidbits.

The big fellow will outsmart the surf casters all along Cape Cod. But then, full of cockiness, he will start south toward a fateful rendezvous in which some tin or plastic gadget will fool him, smart as he is. For this big fellow is the one destined to win the Martha's

Vineyard Derby (Sept. 15 through Oct. 15) for some surf caster who, at this moment, may be staring dreamily out of an office window in New York or Boston or Chicago or Kansas City.

The surf casters come from all over to the Martha's Vineyard Derby, but wherever they come from, they are all of one breed. They are the most dedicated of all fishermen. Others who fish with zeal and passion must have a fish now and then to keep them going. Only the surf caster can survive on faith alone. Only the surf caster can come back year after year with never so much as a strike to reward him. His faith never fails him. He believes, he knows, that some day, some year, his striped bass will come along and when it does, it will have been worth all the waiting.

Let last year's winner of the Vineyard Derby testify. He is a tall and lean young man crowding 30 and his name is James Walpole. Reached on the job at a Martha's Vineyard hardware store, he had this to say about what his winning striper (51 pounds, 11 ounces) had meant to him:

"It was the most terrific thing that ever happened to me. I hadn't even had a strike for six years. Overnight, I'm a big man. I'm on television. I pose for newswires, I give out interviews for sportswriters. I get my picture taken shaking hands with the governor of Massachusetts. Everybody stops me on Main Street with the big hello. I seem to get more confidence. They tell me my whole personality has improved. All this that one big striper did for me."

This year's big striper is out there right now, swimming slowly toward his rendezvous with the surf caster who will win the 1954 derby. And the lucky fellow will never be the same again.

Win, place and revolt

THU London *Daily Worker* has been printing racing selections since 1935, presumably on the theory that the workers of the world have nothing to lose but their change. Almost from the beginning the *Worker's* horse-ecor has been Alf Rubin, who at 18 won a newspaper contest by picking eight winners out of eight. This topped a previous achievement, at age 9, when he precociously forecast the winner of the 1926 Derby (Coronach, 11-2) and the second and fourth horses as well.

When the *Worker* began publishing in 1930, the party line, based on a conviction that the revolution was only a furlong away, grimly opposed mention of the morning line. But after some experience with recurring crises of circulation the paper decided to humor, for the time being at least, the fascination which horse racing holds for the British working class as well as for British royalty. The *Worker* ran a few predictions and then decided to get itself an

expert. Standing outside the door was Alf.

Alf Rubin, at 37, has thinning hair, blinks out at the world through thick glasses, and talks somewhat incoherently when the subject is not horses. He claims that he is no Communist and that he never votes.

"It doesn't matter which government is in," he says, "so long as you keep out of trouble with the police."

Furthermore, Rubin disagrees with the *Worker's* editorial policy.

"What the British public wants," he says, "is good sports coverage in a newspaper, not all that politics."

Holding such deviationist views, it is a marvel that Rubin has survived almost 20 years on the *Worker* staff.

The secret is in his picks. He has been studying racing forms since shortly after he learned to read and his selections, unlike those of the vast majority of track experts, show a profit. So far this season he is anywhere from 28 to 80 points ahead (points being equal to any currency unit the better can afford—dollar, pound or shilling) depending on whether his followers bet to win, across the board or long shot.

"You should follow this man," proclaims the *Worker*, not unreasonably, to its readers. "When Cayton (Rubin's nom de track is Cayton because the *Worker* started publishing on Cayton Street) gave our readers his 400th

... winner of the season last Tuesday that was just another milestone in his long and successful career for the *Daily Worker*."

The man on whom the Communist paper depends for a fair chunk of its estimated 83,000 circulation had to leave school at 14. For four years he worked at such jobs as tailor's assistant until the day he astounded the *Sunday Referee* by picking eight out of eight winners in that newspaper's contest. The *Referee* hired him, though only for a month. From the *Referee* he went to the *Daily Worker*. There he became easily the hottest item on the sports page.

He has had spectacular triumphs, some of them with mystical overtones. In 1949 Russian Hero won the Grand National at 66 to 1. Who picked Russian Hero? The *Daily Worker's* man, Rubin. This sort of thing leads to jokes and Rubin resents them. The *Observer* chided him recently for selecting Red Influence in a race at Newmarket. Red Influence won, naturally, but Rubin is still infuriated at suggestions that propaganda sways his studies.

Rubin seldom bets and almost never goes to the track. He knows very little about breeding, since "that's another field." He works solely from form.

"It's a nerve-racking job," he says. "Nobody believes what a nerve-racking job it is."

SPECTACLE

YOU TAKE THE BAT

Color photographs by Mark Kauffman show what it is like to stand up against Robin Roberts

IN his six and a half seasons as a major-league pitcher, Philadelphia's Robin Roberts has faced roughly 7,000 batters. Probably none of them has had time enough at the plate to study the 27-year-old right-hander's form as deliberately as a reader is able to do on the following pages.

This month, though he has lost his last three games, Roberts is virtually certain to become the first big-league pitcher in 17 years to win 20 games five years in a row. The last man to do it was Carl Hubbell in the years 1933-37.

A college pitcher at Michigan State, Roberts signed with the Phillies for a \$25,000 bonus in 1948. Ever since, he has been astounding opponents with his superbly controlled fast ball, a pitch he is able to throw with uncanny accuracy. So set yourself now as you face the husky (6 ft. 1½ in., 190 lbs.), glowering Roberts on these pages. Draw your bat back as he winds up for a hard one, high and inside. Swing for all you're worth. (If you do as well as the batter, you'll send a dribbler down the third-base line.)









THE BIG STICK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

THE RACE for the National League batting championship was rousingly close last week. Edwin ("The Duke") Snider, 27, who has never won the title in his eight years with Brooklyn, and Stan ("The Man") Musial, 33, who has won it for St. Louis six times since 1942, were racing almost in tandem.

At week's end their averages differed only by a single percentage point. Then on Sunday both performed prodigiously. Each hit two home runs, but The Duke got more hits, four to The Man's three in eight at bats apiece. Thus Snider gained a four-

point edge—with .348 to Musial's .344.

Although their averages are almost identical, their batting styles are not. The Brooklyn outfielder is an orthodox hitter. He stands up straight at the plate and cocks his bat so that it swings in a graceful arc (right). Musial is unorthodox, as Mark Kauffman's dramatic sequence shot with a long-range lens from center field shows. The great Cardinal outfielder stands in the far, outside corner of the box, feet close together and body bent in a half-crouch. As the ball approaches he coils toward the catcher, giving the appear-



THE DUKE: AN ORTHODOX HITTER

ance of a man peeping around a corner.

Despite the difference of approach, each man was wielding a big and effective stick. And with only four weeks to go, there seemed a fine chance that their race for the batting championship would go all the way to the finish.

THE MAN TAKES HIS PLACE WAY BACK.



STEPS INTO PITCH WITH A SMILE



GETS SET IN CROUCH, FEET TOGETHER



AND CONNECTS MIGHTILY WITH THE BALL



COILS BACK AS BALL APPROACHES



THEN STARTS THE RUN FOR FIRST





YOUNG CHAMPIONS Dianne Williamson (above) and Nick Egan (right), both 14, banged lustily away at the Grand American Trapshoot in Vandalia, Ohio to capture top women's and men's titles in the featured Grand American Handicap final.



Egan, of Flushing, N.Y., shattered 99 of 100 clay birds and Dianne, of Compton, Calif., broke 95. During the week-long shoot, biggest event in the world of clay pigeons, nearly 1,500,000 targets and about the same number of shells were expended.



BOBBING, PLUNGING Salfish, a 90-pound boat that is little more than a surfboard with a huge sail, weathered uncomfortable ground swells during Long Island Sound race. Its crew, Elsie Gillespie and Carol Langdon of Darien, Conn., were barely

discernible at times when the tiny craft, capable of speeds up to 30 miles an hour, smashed hard into the water after rising on a swell. Misses Gillespie and Langdon won the race without mishap although most of the other entries spilled at least once.



KOREAN BASKETBALL fans, 7,000 of them, jammed court-sides at Seoul's Chosen Christian University to watch barnstorming University of Oregon team gain a bare 54-to-52 victory over smaller Korean team. Oregonians, all members of last year's

rarsity, played three games in Seoul. Then they flew to Taipei on the second leg of a 32-day, 21-game tour which swings through seven Far Eastern countries including Japan, Thailand, Malaya and the Philippines.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER waded into a well-stocked reach of the South Platte near Denver, soon caught a creelful despite the kibitzing of highway travelers above him.



HOPEFUL TWO-YEAR-OLDS Nashua (left) and Summer Tan pounded across the finish a neck apart in the \$78,750 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga. Nashua won, thereby giving 60-year-old Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and Jockey Eddie Arcaro, veterans both, the first Hopeful victories of their careers.



BIG-TIME SWING—and a miss—brought championship to Schenectady as Pitcher Billy Munson poured the third strike past Norman Housely, second baseman of the Colton, Calif. team for final out in six-inning game. Several thousand fans watched attentively from stands and carillon dike beyond outfield fence.

PINT-SIZED WORLD SERIES



RUNNING-CATCH ATTEMPT by Colton Right-fielder Cliff Munson failed, and long fly hit in second inning by Chuck Neider, Schenectady first baseman, rolled to the fence for a double, driving in a run. Outfielder Munson had the wind knocked out of him in his tumble but recovered after a moment, stayed in the game.

THE BASES were only 60 feet apart, the center-field fence a short 189 feet from home plate; even the billboards lining the outfield walls were midget size. But no major leaguer with eyes sharpened by visions of the winning team's box-office cut ever played harder or displayed better form for age and weight than these Little Leaguers, 12-years and under, meeting at Williamsport, Pa. in the world series of pint-size baseball.

The all-star teams from Schenectady, N.Y. and Colton, Calif. were the pick of summer-long eliminations involving 3,500 leagues, 400,000 players. Before 7,500 enthusiastic fans at Williamsport's Original Park the two teams met to decide the 1954 championship. Clutch pitching and timely hitting won for Schenectady, 7-5.



SCENECTADY'S Billy Masucci, 12, pitched and batted his team to victory. Throwing right-handed and relying mainly on a fast ball, he struck out nine Colts, allowed only four hits. With his father, Schenectady Coach Lou Masucci, on the bench, his

mother in the stands, the blond 155-pounder showed the poise of a veteran in getting himself out of tight spots. Bating left-handed he walloped a home run (above) over right center-field fence with one on in first inning.



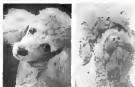
WINNING TEAM mobbed Pitcher Masucci after last Colton batter went down. Schenectady team reached the finals of Little League World Series last year, only to lose to Birmingham, Ala. Four of this season's team, including Masucci, were on the 1953 squad.



LOSING PLAYER is consoled as he clutches runner-up trophy. Unlike major leagues, there could be no cry of "Wait till next year," for most of this year's team is already 12 and will be ineligible for further Little League play.



NEW VOGUE



FOUR years ago the owner of a large black standard poodle walked the dog through the downtown section of Nashville, Tenn. A prim, self-assured lady passing by asked her young daughter if she knew what kind of dog it was. "No, ma'am," the child replied. "It's an Airedale," her mother said, and proceeded knowingly down the street.

The odds that the same scene would be repeated today, while still considerable, are far less than they were in 1950. For the poodle is enjoying a vogue in America which in kennel circles is approaching the proportions of a minor boom. In 1930 the American Kennel Club listings—the barometer of any breed's progress—reported only 50 registered poodles. The figures for 1940 showed improvement: 623. But last year the number was 8,167, a rise of 33% over 1952. With 25% more persons owning nonregistered purebreds, this makes the poodle the 10th most popular dog in the country.

But even more than the poodles themselves, it is their likeness, stamped on just about any gewgaw or artifact that can take the impression, that has made the breed known in America. It is a rare shopper who can browse through gift shops or Christmas cards without encountering a poodle prouetting or standing on its head or otherwise engaging in some form of human endeavor. Poodle haircuts for women and imitation and genuine poodle cloth lend further evidence that the poodle is having his day.

All the publicity, much of it effete, has tended to give the poodle a certain notoriety as a coddled dog that requires constant care and grooming.

FOR AN OLD FAVORITE

Sought after as show dog or family pet, the versatile poodle has now become the tenth most popular breed in the U.S.



The reputation is undeserved. Under a cloak of aristocratic ruffles and harlequin-pompons hides a hard hunting hound which reflects the poodle's ancestry as a sporting dog.

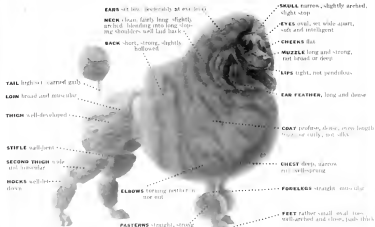
The poodle has lost little of its heritage as a fine hunter and retriever and a magnificent swimmer. It combines these qualities with a remarkable flair for civilization which has caused many

to regard it as almost human. Certainly few dogs possess more intelligence. The poodle is extremely quick to learn, a fact which, coupled with its easy grace and natural gaiety, has made it a wonderful circus dog who loves to be the center of attention. It is as a pet and charming companion, however, that the poodle is especially valuable. The dog is loyal, anxious to please,

responds easily to training and is gentle with children.

The dual personality of field dog and drawing-room showpiece has been a characteristic of the poodle since its earliest appearance. The first poodles came from Central Europe some 2,000 years ago. They were used as retrievers, and it was this sturdy occupation that was responsible for clothing them in

POODLES ARE JUDGED BY THESE STANDARDS



THESE FAMOUS PEOPLE KEEP POODLES AS PETS



ARTURO TOSCANINI



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL



MR. AND MRS. FREDRIC MARCH



ELIZABETH TAYLOR



JUAN PERON

OTHER PROMINENT OWNERS: Vincent Astor, Ed Sullivan, Bishop Sheen, Benny Goodman, Bob Topping, Judy Garland, Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes, Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce, David Saroff, Mary Martin, Senator Herbert Lehman, Alfred Sloan.

the rococo dress that has stamped the lighter side so indelibly in the popular consciousness. The heavy insulation of hair on the poodle's chest and neck was left there by early hunters to protect the dog's heart and lungs and keep him warm when he swam in icy waters after fallen water fowl. The shaved hindquarters facilitated his swimming while the tufts of hair left on legs and hips shielded the joints where the blood ran close to the skin. Even the topknot and powder puff tail had a function. They told the hunters where the dogs were when partially hidden by undergrowth.

Poodles were late in coming to the U.S. (the first in 1878), and when they did their popularity was confined sole-

ly to the east coast. Most early imports were from France and Germany, though it was not until 1887 that a black standard poodle was registered with the A.K.C. Show poodles wore the Continental clip (see chart page 31), while pets often went untrimmed. These dogs, long-bodied, short-legged, coarse-headed specimens with short muzzles, somewhat resembled small sheep dogs.

After a brief spate of popularity around the turn of the century, the poodle practically disappeared from American shores. Only one was shown in the Westminster show in New York in 1922. A revival of interest in the early '30s came about as a result of the earnest efforts of a few breeders who imported exceptional poodles of great intelligence and ideal temperament. By 1935 the poodle had arrived again. A large white standard, Ch. Nunsee Due de la Terrasse of Blakeen, owned by Mrs. Sherman Hoyt, won best in show at Westminster. The war interrupted breeding, but since 1946 there has been a steady rise in the number of registered poodles every year.

Standards for poodles are set by the poodle clubs of America and approved by the A.K.C. Three types are recognized: the standard, the miniature and

the toy, declining in size in that order. All three have been known to have been in existence for at least 600 years. But general acceptance has only come for the smaller types after breeders have succeeded in making them conform in all specifications to the standards, except size. This usually means lengthening the muzzle and legs and refining the head. The toy was the last to be accepted as an equal among its relatives. In 1942 the A.K.C. conceded that the former outcast had finally conquered its shortcomings and was fit company at shows with other

text continued on page 31



Corded poodle was put on display in the 1880s at Westminster show.



Stripped poodle shows usual fancy coat hides body of a hunting dog.



Displaying an elegant gaiety characteristic of all poodles, large or small, Pulaski Caesar Phantom John introduces his daughters Pompadour and Montespan. Johnny is eight and one half inches high at the shoulder and weighs five pounds. He is representative of the toy variety which is becoming increasingly popular.



Parti-colored poodles like Colleen and Patrick (*above*) can not compete in shows which recognize only solid colors and the show clip as modeled by Pinocchio (*lower left*).



poodles. Today toys are actually winning more show prizes than standards and miniatures, and often win over the best of other breeds.

Outside of judging points (see chart, page 27) and type of clip the most discussed feature of poodles is their color. Years ago poodles were bred regardless of color combinations. Today only solid colors, with certain exceptions, are permitted in U.S. shows. As a result, breeders are loath to sell any dogs which do not carry the usual colors, black, white, cream, apricot, *café au lait*, chocolate, dark brown, dark gray, silver or blue poodle. France and Germany are much more stringent in their rules, allowing only white, black and brown. England, chary with its sizes (only two are recognized), is as liberal as the U.S. with color.

One factor that has inhibited a more rapid growth of the poodle population in this country is their high cost. Fine poodles stand at stud with fees ranging up to \$500. Some imports have cost \$5,000 while reported prices for domestic poodles have gone as high as \$3,000. Poodles of \$500 or so should be free from serious faults and be of clear color. The average price for pet poodles is slightly over \$100.

Some prospective buyers have shrunk from undertaking the care of a poodle. Most people think of poodles as creatures that take as much primping at their toilet as Mme. Pompadour. For show purposes that is probably so. For pet owners, though, a once-a-week schedule for ears (which should be kept clear of wax), teeth, nails and a brushing of the coat is sufficient, with a trim at the barber's (probable cost, \$5 to \$15, depending on the size of dog and how complicated the clip) every third month. The female poodle is neater than the male, but neither has a doggy odor, nor do they shed hair.

In recent years the world of poodle breeders has been torn by a tug of war over the Continental and English Saddle clips versus the Royal Dutch cut. Advocates of the latter claim the Continental clip gives the poodle a freakish appearance and prevents many owners from showing their dogs in the ring. The poodle clubs have stoutly resisted change, belding that the Royal Dutch is a fad of the moment and that it is inutile. The Continental and English Saddle are, for all their frills, based on functional needs. George F. Foley, who stages the largest shows in the country, remains aloof from the turmoil. "A good horse is a good color," he says, "and a good poodle is a good poodle, regardless of barbering."

THE FOUR MOST POPULAR COAT CLIPS



PUPPY OR WORKING



CONTINENTAL



ROYAL DUTCH



ENGLISH SADDLE

MAJOR CONTROVERSY among poodle faniers is: which coat clip should the American Kennel Club approve and permit at dog shows? Much to the chagrin of owners who prefer their pets trimmed in the Royal Dutch clip, the A.K.C. recognizes only the Continental or its variation, the English Saddle clip, and disqualifies all other barbering as "unorthodox." Only concession made by A.K.C. is that poodles under 12 months of age can be shown in the Puppy or Working clip.



SUPREME TEST for the champion poodle is his performance at annual Westminster Dog Show in Madison Square Garden before experts like Judge Earl Lounsbury (above).



WHY RONNIE KNOX QUIT CALIFORNIA

by HARVEY KNOX

The most controversial football story of the year broke last month when Ronnie Knox, star freshman quarterback in 1953 and previously a high school All-American, abruptly transferred from the University of California to U.C.L.A. The action cost young Knox a year of eligibility and brought charges that Ronnie's stepfather, Harvey Othel Knox, a handsome ex-haberdasher, was attempting to exploit the boy. Harvey was accused of interfering with Ronnie's coaches, of counseling other players to sell their services dearly and of making extreme monetary demands on the university. Now, for the first time, Harvey Knox tells in his own words his own side of the story.

FIRST OFF, let me say that I am familiar with most of the charges made against me and Ronnie. We have been called the "Migratory Knoxes" and have been painted as a couple of Ozark hillbillies careening along the road, hawking our football wares. I've been charged with not only ruining Ronnie's football career but also his life. But Ronnie said to me, "Dad, why don't you be the hero of this story instead of the heel the papers make you out?" I think that's pretty good advice, and I always set on good advice. So let's begin at the beginning.

About me: I guess I'm what you might call a cynic. I've seen a lot of life, from an Arkansas orphanage to the finest haberdashery store in Hollywood, which I built up myself and lost myself. I've been around enough to know you don't get something for nothing. I also know that a lot of people try.

A PRETTY GOOD LOOK

I got wise to football scholarships as a kid, when I got one at Ouachita Baptist College. I won't say I was fooled at Ouachita. Let's say I wasn't pleased. I had set a state pass-catching record in high school. But at Ouachita I had to wait on tables three times a day. I had to break off practice at 4:30 every afternoon. The coach never got a square look at me. And when I transferred to

the University of Arkansas I wasn't any better off. I quit college in my third year and by then I'd got a pretty good look at the way college athletics were working. I made a vow then that if I ever had a son who was a good football player I would see to it that he never got a fleecing. This vow lives.

I married Ronnie's mother in 1942. She had a daughter, Patricia, who was two years older than Ronnie, who was seven then. Pappy Waldorf, the coach at California, has been quoted as saying, "It looks like Harvey's only business is managing his kids." The way he says it, it sounds like something dishonest. Well, I'd like to tell you how I got my daughter Pat a movie contract at the age of fifteen.

She was going to Beverly Hills High School at the time and she got the lead in a couple of plays. I dropped over to watch rehearsals. I saw something in Patricia. I went to work.

In Hollywood, that which they can't see and can't have, they can't live without. I got a school cop stationed at the door of the auditorium "to keep talent scouts off." Up to then, the talent scouts hadn't heard of Pat. But the school authorities didn't know that; I told them they were pestering her.

Pretty soon the agents were trying to sneak into rehearsals. One day Billy Gordon rings me up, the talent scout for 20th Century-Fox. Patricia got a

contract, \$150 a week, with yearly options. A year later, when she went down to court to get her contract approved (you have to do that with minors according to California law), she found she was taking a salary dip—to \$125 a week. Fox had done nothing with her.

So I dressed Patay up in a glamour dress and went to court with her. I informed the photographers, "Boys, I don't know who she is but there's some girl upstairs who is the most gorgeous doll I ever saw." I nearly got trampled in the rush. Patay made page one all over town. A very big producer spotted her and a little later he put Pat under personal contract, which she is to this day. If helping your kids isn't a career, what the hell is it?

It was in 1944 that I first saw Ronnie throw a football. He was only nine, but I immediately saw that he had a great arm and a good eye. So the tutoring process began. I sharpened his football playing by organizing touch-football teams all over the area. Most of the players were high school kids, bigger than Ronnie, but already he was passing them silly.

THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

As a sophomore at Beverly Hills High, Ronnie went out for the varsity football team. I dropped in at the field to watch practice. The coach announced, "We're going to separate the men from the boys." So he had the backfield men and linemen charge each other. After a couple of collisions, I observed that Ronnie was lining up with the tackles and the guards. After a further inspection, I discovered that Ronnie was out of his head. I immediately took him to Dr. Hunter Brown, a brain specialist, who diagnosed Ronnie's ailment as concussion. Were it his boy, Dr. Brown said, he would never let him play football again.

Nevertheless, Ronnie returned to

THE HARVEY KNOX TOUCH is displayed photographically in this portrait of the author and his talented stepchildren, Quarterback Ronnie and Movie Starlet Patricia.

the squad after five weeks and in five games he threw seven touchdown passes and ran for another. He scored 48 of the 60 points scored by the team, winning two and losing three. The losses certainly weren't Ronnie's fault. The coach's alibi was: "The boys here at Beverly Hills are different from other kids elsewhere."

I recommended to Ronnie that we move to Santa Monica as it was very plain that the coach there, Mr. Jim Sutherland, was the coach in high school football. Santa Monica had beaten Beverly Hills 52-7 in Ronnie's sophomore year.

Ronnie said, "No, Dad. Let's move to Inglewood. They also have a well-coached team and I can't wait to beat Santa Monica."

See what I mean? I'm supposed to be leading this boy's life but you can see he used his own head in this matter. We moved to Inglewood.

There Ronnie found a coach—Marty Erraza—who was as smooth as silk. He played the game with a slide rule—that's how close he played it to his vest. For the first four games he alternated guards on every play, sending in a new play every time with them, which he called from the bench. Naturally, this was annoying to Ronnie and boring for me. After all, it's a kid's game, and the kids should call it.

The battle cry was, "Beat Santa Monica!" That was the big game of the year. When it came, it started out in a thick fog. It was impossible to see more than 15 yards in any direction.

Ronnie was on his own for the first time. The coach couldn't even see who had the ball. But he still sent in his alternating guards—to find out what was going on. He was informed after five minutes of play, two touchdowns, 12 points! That's how quickly Ronnie and the boys slickered those guys.

Then the instructions came from the bench: do not pass any more. Hit the line. Ronnie did. He sent his fullback straight up the middle 27 times. Santa Monica threw short passes and used their regular wide-open attack. Final score: Santa Monica 36, Inglewood 12.

NEWS FOR THE COACH

I visited the dressing room after the game. It was pretty hard to take—two boys knocked cold, the rest crying. I noticed Ronnie sitting dry-eyed in a corner. He was, shall we say, mad? I said, "Hello, superman, can't you cry?" He turned to me. "Why should I cry when the coach lost the ball game?"

I was forced to agree, and so informed the coach the next day. He

said, why did we move to Inglewood anyway? They hadn't asked us to. I said, I got news for you. If you don't give Ronnie at least one quarter to call his own plays next week, he will refuse to play for you.

Well, the next week was against Bell who'd just won the championship of their league the week before. Just for kicks, Ronnie threw seven touchdown passes to seven different players. He refused all instructions from the bench. The following week we played San Pedro and he threw for five and ran for two, just to show it was legit. For the balance of the season, every fourth time he threw the ball it was for a touchdown, with a completion average of 69%. The team was the high-scoring team in the nation that year.

And Ronnie, with a record of 20 touchdowns and a year average of 59% pass completion, nevertheless did not receive one honor—not one honor! Can you figure that? Could it be that the coach did not recommend him?

The day after the season ended, after Ronnie and I had talked things over, we agreed to move to Santa Monica. Ronnie found it tough at Santa Monica. Our scrimmages on Wednesday were rougher than the games on Friday. But Coach Jim Sutherland was an honest, straightforward, fair-minded man. And I'll say this: I can't ever recall seeing a Santa Monica player being carried off the field.

Ronnie was very fortunate. He set a California Intercollegiate Federation passing record—27 touchdowns and 12 conversions. He ran for three touchdowns. The team scored 30 touchdowns passing and 30 running.

So now the colleges came after Ronnie. And with them came the "Curbstone Cuties." That's what I call those alumni proselytizers, and they're real sharpies. The first thing they say is, they'll get the boy a car. Next they say they'll assign a "sponsor" to him. A "sponsor" is supposed to be a guy who pays the bills. But he turns out to be a guy who thrusts a ten dollar bill into your hand at Christmastime after you have made the team, sweated through the classrooms, worked in a soda fountain and have generally gone through hell for dear old Alma Mammy.

Ronnie got plenty of offers and promises. He's always wanted to make writing his career—a California alumna promised him a definite job on the Berkeley Daily Gazette. There would be other chances in radio and television, he was told. Other colleges got in their bids. One of the biggest laughs I had was when a head coach in the

Pacific Coast Conference phoned Jim Sutherland, not knowing that Jim despised him. This coach said, "Jim, what's the current going price on Ronnie Knox?" Jim thought he would have a little fun. "From what I hear," he said, "it's \$300 a month for four years." "What!" screams the coach. "Why the hell should I pay \$300 for Ronnie when I can get two big tackles for that?"

A NEW CHALLENGE

One night after we'd won the C.I.F. championship, Jim Sutherland came to my home. We talked. Jim told me he wanted to get in the big time. "I want to meet a new challenge," he said. "I want to see if my stuff will go in the colleges." So I told Jim, if that's what you want, I will help you and I won't charge you for it. I called Frank Stormont, our local Cal "genie," and ascertained that he felt as I did that California could use a slight change in their offense. Mr. Stormont contacted Mr. Lynn Waldorf, head coach, and in due course an appointment was arranged for Mr. Waldorf, his assistant, Mr. Wes Fry, and Mr. Jim Sutherland. Jim wound up with a salary that was still below his high school figure, but he sold his home in Pacific Palisades and moved bag and baggage to Berkeley where he bought a new home. Mr. Waldorf had Jim photographed with all the new quarterback prospects and announced in the papers that he was the new Cal aide to coach quarterbacks and ends. And that was the last that anybody heard of Jim Sutherland. He became the forgotten man.

Ronnie still had a couple of big summer games to play before he enrolled at Cal—the annual North-South Shrine game in Los Angeles in August and the big All-American high school game at Memphis, Tenn. In the Shrine game he threw two touchdown passes and was voted the outstanding player. I was given to understand that Cal didn't want him to go to Memphis—Pappy Waldorf was afraid he might get hurt or something—but he played anyway and I got my expenses paid to go down and watch him. In the South we have a saying: just be tough enough and they'll give you candy and fan you while you eat it. Ronnie was also voted the outstanding player in the All-American game, although the East won, 19-13.

The day Ronnie finally enrolled at Cal with all those rosy promises in mind, the disillusionment started. He was told to report to the stalwart in charge of the job program. "Why,

son," this gentleman said, "if you went to work on the Berkeley Gazette, that would make you ineligible!" The big TV jobs melted too. I sat down and tried to figure it. It struck me like a bolt out of the blue. Wasn't old man Knox such a rabid football fan that as long as Ronnie was given the opportunity to be a big star he would go along and give his all for the game? Well, I guess they know now. I am not as easy as I appear.

Ronnie's letters also showed his disappointment at the scrimmages. Three days before the Stanford-Cal frosh game he wrote to me: "Dad, we're in for an awful lacing Saturday. We haven't got enough ammunition." I wrote back and advised him to use his own noodle and if he couldn't win with the plays he'd been taught at Cal, to call time out and make up his own he'd learned in high school.

Well, Stanford made 14 first downs before we made one and the score going into the middle of the second quarter was 12-0, their favor. Then Ronnie called time out. He told Terry Prindi-

ville, a converted tackle at right end, "Go three yards and look at me." In three plays, Terry is standing in the end zone with a touchdown pass in his arms. A similar series of plays produced another six-pointer.

Ronnie then observed that the defensive safety man was slowly creeping up behind the line. He called time out again. We do not have a pass pattern to go behind the safety man as Cal's system does not provide for one. So Ronnie tells Delton Morris, a nine-seven sprinter, "On the next play go right past the safety." Zoom! Six! Conversion. Final: Cal 19, Stanford 12.

I decided then and there to have a little talk with Coach Waldorf. After all, it was his system Ronnie was playing under. He said to come over to his house at 9 o'clock. I brought along my good friend Jim Sutherland. Waldorf said to me, "Harvey, just what do you want for Ronnie?" I said, "Pappy, it's simple. Just what you promised him." "And what do you want for Harvey?" I said, "Nothing." "Third, what do you want for Jim Sutherland?" I replied, "Just what you promised Jim when you hired him: 1) to incorporate his offense into yours; 2) to give him a chance to coach offense; 3) to put it in the papers that he definitely is the quarterback and end coach." It took us nine hours to cover these points—until 6 a.m. Pappy just sat there in his chair while I needed him. "Open the wound, Harvey," he'd say, "open it wide," and he'd throw his hands out.

A short time later, Sutherland was given a raise and in spring training it was announced that he was Waldorf's new passing and offense coach. It looked good. But the fact remains that Jim coached 60 minutes of the entire spring training program, no more. And Ronnie still complained of being limited in his offense. He finally went up to see Waldorf of his own volition and told him of his dissatisfaction. Waldorf informed him that he would go out the next day, send all his assistants into the stands, and take charge himself. He did. For my dough, it was the worst scrimmage they ever had at Cal.

TIME TO GET OUT

That same night, a Bay Area newspaperman tipped me off that one of Waldorf's assistants had said that as long as he was on the staff Ronnie Knox would never make the first club. This did not perturb me. I had suspected as much. But I determined that although Ronnie would lose a year of eligibility, there had to be a day of reckoning.

I decided that Ronnie would get out of Cal.

We talked about the transfer for five days. Anyone who knows what it means to a 19-year-old to give up a year of eligibility will know how disgusted Ronnie had to be with conditions at California. We talked about three things: 1) His grades; they had fallen off sadly. 2) His progress in the writing profession; it was almost nil. 3) His athletic prowess; as anybody in his right mind could see, he could prove nothing at California since Pappy Waldorf apparently believes that the quarterback is merely the eleventh man on a team. Anyone knows a winning team must have a thinking quarterback.

After the discussion, Ronnie decided he would like to pursue his education in Southern California. I was able to secure a job for him at Allied Artists. And it was decided that Ronnie would go to U.C.L.A., which is the southern metropolitan campus for the University of California and I suppose the rival Cal would most like to beat next to Stanford. Ronnie may have some interesting afternoons later when we meet Cal.

A PIECE OF ADVICE

So that is the story of the "Migratory Knoxes." I will close it with one small piece of advice to any young athlete who is being rushed by several universities:

Last year a boy who was an outstanding fullback in junior college came to me, troubled. He'd been offered a down payment on a car and all kinds of well-paying jobs from a certain school. "I can't figure how I could make that kind of money and be eligible," he said. "I've also heard this school doesn't live up to its promises. What should I do?"

I answered as follows: "Son, it is relatively simple. Next time this Curbstone Cutie calls, tell him that if you accept even a promise over and above what is sanctioned, you are ineligible. Tell him you even doubt the promises."

"However, tell this cutie that if he will bring over \$1,500 in cash to be worked out over the years, and if he will arrange for you to get the maximum allowable per month under the rules, you will consider enrolling at his college."

Well, this boy did as I told him. Needless to say, the proselyter blew up. He spent two hours and fifteen minutes on the phone trying to find out who the blankety-blank kid had been talking to.

It happened to be Harvey Knox.

RONNIE'S REWARD for standout play in 1953 high school All-American game was Frank Leahy trophy bestowed last week.



That's the formation most teams use now. Here's how it works

by HERMAN HICKMAN



THE other day my cousin Albert Lee Childress down in Knoxville sent me two East Tennessee country hams and asked me to explain to him how the Split T formation works. Albert said he got confused watching Jim Tatum's All-Stars execute the Split against the Detroit Lions. I don't blame him; Albert saw it on TV but I was *there* and didn't know what was going on. Confidentially, I talked to Jim after the game and he didn't either.

Usually the Split T isn't that hard to figure out. I guess the most simple way to explain it would be to start with a diagram of the basic formation:



The Split T gets its name from the spacing of the linemen. The guards are 12 inches from the center, the tackles 24 inches from the guards and the ends split 36 inches from the tackles. This is, of course, just a basic alignment. They may vary the distance against certain types of defense or depending on the play they want to run. Without getting too technical, the general plan is to split wider against a five-man defensive setup and tighten up on a seven.

The quarterback takes a position immediately behind the center with his feet on the same plane, so he can move either to his right or left with equal facility. He is the key to the entire attack and must be able to run with the ball, which is not considered a requisite for the quarterback in the regular T formation. The halfbacks align themselves approximately three yards directly behind their offensive tackles with their outside hand on the ground. Their depth varies also according to speed. They threaten the quick opening play or dive back at all times. The fullback takes a deeper position, around four and a half yards, from which vantage point he can threaten either end or block downfield. He is primarily the blocking back and never

hits the line except on a delayed play. His running efforts are confined mainly to keeping the defensive linemen "honest." In other words he keeps them from "sliding" with the movement of the quarterback.

The conception of the Split T attack is most simple. While the regular Shaughnessy or Haisz T is founded on deception and the Houdini performance of the quarterback, the Split T is a sort of overconfidence game. The quarterback takes the snap from center, hugs the line as closely as possible and shows the ball to the defense. What he does next largely depends on the reaction of his opponents. Actually there are just three basic running plays in the Split T attack. They're the same whether they go right or left. The blocking also is the same for all three, which makes this offense especially appealing to high school coaches.

Number one (diagram below) is the quick opener in which the quarterback "gives" to the halfback. The halfback takes the ball practically on the line of scrimmage, so if the exchange is made properly there is no chance of loss even if the play does not gain. Normally the quick opener goes inside but this too is dependent on the play of the defensive tackle. If he doesn't move out with the offensive tackle, the halfback veers to the outside. The theory, by the way, in spreading the line is to afford each offensive lineman a blocking angle or to force the defense to spread with them, creating space to run through without the necessity of opening a hole. After this dive-back is run several times, the tackle is pretty well "tied to his spot" and the "option" play is ready.

The quick opener is always called as such in the huddle, but numbers two and three are the same play. This is known as the "option" and is the Split T play.

The quarterback fakes giving to the halfback, then runs along the line of scrimmage. He looks the defensive end straight in the eye. If the end comes in to tackle him the quarterback pitches out to the halfback who is faking to the right. He is preceded by the fullback, whose job is to block the defensive halfback. If the end floats out with the threat of the pitch out, then the quarterback "keeps" and runs outside of tackle. Anything that the defensive end does is wrong.

OH, THOSE HORSES

Sounds like it could never fail, doesn't it? But the defenses are not always as simple as the one that I have diagrammed. There are maneuvers like slants, angles and loops. There are defenses with the linebackers keying on the quarterback, and the ends assigned to the pitch out, and then there is always the possibility of a fumble. The Split T doesn't give you any protection against that.

A large percentage of the top-ranking teams will be using the Split T this fall. Don Faurot out at Missouri was its innovator. In the past few years Maryland, Oklahoma, Notre Dame, Texas, Alabama, and this year Minnesota, just to name a few colleges, have used variations of it. Like any other formation, though, the Split T needs good players to be effective. As my Grandpapa used to say: "You can't go to town without the horses."

THE THREE BASIC SPLIT T PLAYS



IN QUICK OPENER (No. 1) quarterback hands ball to halfback who goes inside or outside of tackle.

ON OPTION PLAY (No. 2) quarterback runs behind scrimmage line, cuts inside if defensive end floats out.

SECOND OPTION (No. 3) is same as No. 2 except if end moves in on quarterback, he pitches ball out to halfback.

BREAKFAST? YES!

It will make you healthy, might make you wealthy, and surely will keep you trim. The nutritionists wish Mom would get up and get it



FOR MANY YEARS nutritionists, a hardy band who believe people should eat for health as well as for fun, have been trying to drive Americans from apathy to appetite. A bigger and better breakfast is the nutritionists' goal. Last week victory seemed just as far away as ever. Two surveys—one of adults, the other of teen-agers—indicated that across the U.S. breakfast habits have, if anything, worsened.

A five-year study of 610 New Jersey industrial workers just completed by a Rutgers University team shows that two out of five men polled eat little, if any, breakfast. Nearly 4% of these reported they ate "no breakfast." For 11%, breakfast consisted of only a cup of coffee; 26% said they breakfasted on sweet rolls or toast and coffee. The other poll—of 10,000 California junior and senior high school students—shows much the same situation among youngsters. Fully 32% of the teen-agers either "never" or "only sometimes" ate a breakfast meal.

NO TIME, NO APPETITE, NO GOOD

By far the most common reason was that they "didn't have enough time." Other explanations ranged from "not hungry" and "no one to eat with" to "breakfast wasn't prepared" and, if it was, "it was unpalatable." The New Jersey workers also said that they could count on getting coffee, pastry, candy or soda pop at the plant.

These excuses are making nutritionists mad—not at dad or the kids, but at "mom." Not since Philip Wylie attacked "momism" in *Generation of Vipers* have so many unkind things been said about mothers. At the recent meeting of the Home Economics Association, Miss A. June Bricker, home economics bureau director for Metropolitan Life, hurled the first stone. The major reason families don't eat breakfast, said Miss Bricker, is that mom just doesn't get up. When she does, there's plenty of time to work up an appetite and to eat; the meal is well pre-

pared and there is someone to eat with.

Dr. Ruth L. Hueneemann, of the University of California, attacked from a different quarter. One reason that many teen-age girls eat inadequate breakfasts, or no breakfast at all, Dr. Hueneemann said, is because they are dieting—like moms. And how does mom diet? By avoiding breakfast, stuffing herself the rest of the day—and getting fatter.

IN DEFENSE OF "MOM"

The nutritionists are right, of course, but it should be said that mom isn't the only one who's wrong. Most people share the notion that passing up breakfast is a painless way to reduce. Alas, not so. A strong case, in fact, can be made for the theory that short-cut breakfasts are one of the causes of the overweight dilemma. And not only that. By skipping or skimping on breakfast, individuals invite chronic illness, lowered resistance to disease, lost efficiency, accidents, headaches, fatigue and nervousness.

Whether you want to lose weight or simply keep your present shape, an adequate breakfast is the best way to start. This advice comes from Dr. Frederick J. Stare of Harvard, one of the country's foremost nutritionists. A big breakfast man himself, he suggests:

- Fruit or juice
- Cereal and milk
- One egg with ham or bacon
- Two slices of toast
- Two cups of coffee with sugar

For calorie counters, the total is well within the 500 to 750 calories that nutritionists claim is ample. But, as Dr. Stare points out, calories are not the



only consideration. The protein content (over 20 grams in this menu) is, in a way, more important. In the morning, the body, starved since the night before, is at its lowest nutritional ebb. The level of sugar in the blood—the trigger that sets off the feeling of hunger—is way down.

You should be hungry and you probably are. The danger is that you can temporarily satisfy your hunger with as little as a cup of coffee with a couple of spoonfuls of sugar. But what you need is fuel that will keep your body going until the next regular meal.

Sugar, being sugar already, is rapidly absorbed. In a matter of minutes a few spoonfuls will make the blood-sugar level skyrocket; hunger vanishes. But by midmorning it plummets and you become hungry and weak. Fat acts in just the opposite way. It delays the emptying of food from the stomach and is converted to blood sugar very slowly. Protein, however, is the most effective. It breaks down into blood sugar neither too fast nor too slow and keeps the sugar level up until lunch time.

EAT AND BE HAPPY

The person who dashes downstairs, gulps a cup of coffee and donut (carbohydrate with scant protein) and races to work is bound to feel hungry by mid-morning. When he can, he slips out for a "second breakfast." Starved again by lunch, he invariably eats more than if he had breakfasted on the larger, high-protein meal in the first place. The result: every calorie more than you need adds a little more weight.

Equally important, says Dr. Stare, is the psychological effect of a hearty breakfast. "It improves a person's outlook. If you start off with a healthy breakfast, you feel good. If you eat a lousy one, you're more apt to be down in the dumps. And—after all—eating itself is a pleasure."

In other words, don't ration your food—or your fun. Have some of both in the morning.



MOTOR SPORTS

HIGH COST OF RACING

The impecunious amateur in the home-tuned MG needs a subsidy

by JOHN BENTLEY

AS A MEMBER of the Sports Car Club of America and one of its active group of amateur sports car racing drivers, I would like to bring up some fiscal problems. Most enthusiasts are finding it difficult, financially, to keep their machines "on the circuit." It costs the average "amateur" around \$2,500 a year (give or take a set of pistons) to compete in six major events.

This is a problem for the S.C.C.A., whose membership now numbers over 4,500 devotees of the art of driving for pleasure, recruited from all walks of life. This membership contributes \$57,000 annually, but none of this money is diverted toward solution of a problem which threatens to scuttle sports car racing as surely as ineffectual crowd control drove it off public highways.

No sport can flourish without fresh talent, and the prohibitive cost of unsubsidized "amateur" racing (save for free gas and oil) is scaring many newcomers of modest means. About 15% of S.C.C.A. members hold racing licenses, and of these, about one-sixth (at most 125 drivers) compete in all the main events, often traveling as much as 1,000 miles to some distant S.C.C.A. airfield race.

To the junior executives who make up this inner core of drivers, the compulsion to take week-long trips at \$200 a time in traveling expenses means steering between the Scylla of losing their jobs and the Charybdis of an overdraft.

TOMORROW'S CHAMPION

And how about the Joe Blow of sports car racing? He drives his home-tuned MG all the way from Poughkeepsie on recapped tires and brings a sleeping bag to save hotel expenses. Not for him the fanfare accorded the dashing figure behind the wheel of a 170-mph \$20,000 Ferrari; yet who can deny that he may be tomorrow's champion driver?

I have repeatedly advocated that sports car race drivers be paid a flat fee of, say, \$50 starting money for a minimum number of laps at a minimum average speed; and perhaps a further \$50 for completing a race, depending upon its length. Since first and last man would receive a like sum, racing would still be for glory and trophy as opposed to cash prizes; but the help thus afforded impecunious enthusiasts would go far towards safeguarding the future of the sport.

Last year, S.C.C.A.-sponsored SAC airfield races netted Air Force benevolent funds some \$350,000, with Offutt, Neb. (\$36,537) the most successful and Bergstrom, Texas (\$24,337) showing the smallest profit. Given an average field of 60 entries, contributions from gate receipts toward driver expenses would be around \$6,000, still leaving a handsome profit.

Failing this, the S.C.C.A. should be in a position to subsidize its own racing members. One solution is simple. Yearly membership could be raised from \$10 (83¢ a month) to \$20 (\$1.66 a month) with no hardship to anyone. If the average member cannot afford this minimal sum, how can he run a sports car? The additional \$45,000 that would thus accrue to the club's treasury would be ample to cover subsidies in seven—possibly eight—races.

A preponderance of S.C.C.A.-licensed drivers favors a small, equal cash award for all, toward the cost of new tires, engine overhauls and traveling expenses. But the club's management stands stubbornly pat in its attitude toward so-called "amateurism"—an attitude hard to understand since racing regulation loopholes openly allow drivers to accept "expense money" from private sponsors. And S.C.C.A. President Charles Moran injects an odd note into the controversy in his editorial titled "Professionalism and the Sports Car Club of America" in the

official S.C.C.A. publication. "Under our present system of free enterprise," Moran says, "there will always be those who are better off than others. Reducing the level of sports car races to a point where anyone can afford them would be equivalent to socializing sports car racing."

He says further that it is his "belief . . . that promoters would do exactly what they do in other forms of racing, which is to pick out those cars and drivers who have had the most publicity and made the fastest time. . . ."

NO PLACE TO GO

Actually, no profit-minded promoter could hope to stage a successful event without featuring every kind of sports car. A single race between a few costly machines would never draw a crowd. And since, in principle, the club has no objection to reputable promoters making a profit on the drivers, such promoters would be happy to accept any entry list approved by the S.C.C.A. and to return a small part of their gain in the form of a driver subsidy.

Unless the S.C.C.A. takes a more realistic attitude in the matter of driver subsidies, its members who can afford speedy and expensive cars may soon find themselves with no races to drive.

OUT OF CHARACTER



MISGUIDED INDIAN

This athlete was so much better at passing a ball than hitting one that the Cardinals' Joe Medwick cracked: "I hope he hasn't sold his football uniform." He hadn't. Giving up his diamond aspirations, he became Washington's greatest Redskin. At his retirement in 1932, 16 National Pro League records belonged to:

JOE MEDWICK



WORKING SHORTS: Wives have a penchant for shorts and white sneakers. Audrey Geyer, aboard *Nimrod V*, winner of the June race, wears pink shorts and jacket over navy-blue crew shirt.



PLAYING SHORTS: For boat hopping, Lynn Miller wears pink linen Bermuda shorts and dyed-to-match cashmere sweater, plus a blue cotton jacket for extra warmth against evening mists.

SPORTING LOOK

WELL-TAILORED SAILORS

YACHTSMEN of the Off Soundings Club are as serious a crew of sailors as ply the waters of the Eastern seaboard. The June regatta on Long Island Sound attracted the tiny 19-foot transatlantic veteran *Soprasano*, the winning 55-foot cutter *Nimrod V*, so many others—201—that a landlubber with a giant stride could almost have walked dry-shod from New London to Montauk across their decks. Club members race the triangular New London-Montauk-Shelter Island course in June and again in September at the close of the Eastern sailing season. Their working clothes, faded by sun and spray, are of hardy khaki and denim, as colorful and as trim as their boats. But each two-day race allows ample time in the evening for hoisting the cocktail flag. When all sails are furled, fancier gear, ranging from checkerboard sweaters to firemen's shirts, brightens the deck.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK

SUNDOWN CLOTHES are sometimes more colorful than sailing clothes. Chuck Brewer awaits the announcement of race results at the Shelter Island Yacht Club in a hand-knit checkerboard sweater, African-print cap.



BRASS-BUTTONED SHIRT of red wool is Kelso Davis' favorite for cool sailing days. Actually this is a shirt he acquired as a volunteer fireman in Kent, Conn. Here Davis brings the *Artes* into anchorage at Lake Montauk, L.I.

RED FLANNEL TROUSERS make it easy for anyone to recognize Commodore Mel Southworth (left) shown talking with Commodore G. W. Blunt White at New London.



HIGH-WATER JEANS with red plaid cuffs are worn for hoisting down the boat deck at Burr's Dock.



CHECKED SHORTS are worn with tailored shirt by Phyllis Schutt on the deck of the *Egret*.



UNDER 21

TENNIS BOUNCERS

The ball boys at Forest Hills have to work hard but it's all in fun and sometimes a lucky retriever is rewarded with the champ's racket

by DUANE DECKER

THE DAY of the breathless finals will soon be reached in the current Nationals at Forest Hills. The chances are that close to 14,000 tennis bugs will wedge themselves into the tidy little stadium in the big backyard of the West Side Tennis Club to see what happens. And out of that big mob, four quite special tennis bugs—aged 13 to 17—will see, hear and find out far more about what's going on than all the rest of those thousands. These will be the working ball boys.

You'll see them—if you get to the stadium or watch it on TV—standing at a sort of fake military attention, always at the ready. Off and on, you'll see them pounce in pursuit of a couple handfuls of slightly green-stained tennis balls with the over-zealous haste of beagles spotting rabbits in the carrot patch. These retrieved balls that they come up with will sometimes be placed by them on the players' rackets, held out to them, tray-fashion. More often, though, they'll bounce the balls to the pressure-laden ping men in the rooney shorts.

There will be one ball boy at each end of the court, two in the middle. They aren't apt to get noticed much more than a sprig of parsley on a T-bone steak plate. But theirs is actually a job loaded with responsibility to the player, though they are paid at a rate of 20 cents less per hour than the minimum wage law of six bits. (It's all perfectly legal—this type of work has a "pleasure" clause in it, putting it on a status somewhat different from that of working in, say, a pocketbook factory.)

On the rewarding side, however, the ball boy's job is packed with excitement as well as opportunities to see and hear the nation's top tennis heroes close up. One hardy veteran of this branch of service to the U.S. Lawn

Tennis Association is a guy named Charles Brukl. He completed a five-year tour of duty as ball boy last year. This year, at the ripe age of 18, he's as far over the hill in his career as a major league piteber pushing 40 is in his. But he's still out there this year—got kicked upstairs by being made a scower.

ALL ABOUT STARS

After five years of bouncing them back to the top-seeded stars of the business, he knows more about what some of the ones now battling it out on Long Island are really like than their mothers—and even, possibly, the working press. For instance, it didn't surprise him too much last month when Art Larsen, the nation's third-ranking player, almost quit the Eastern grass court championships right in the middle of a match he was then losing to Samuel Giammalva. At the time, Larsen explained his off-the-beam action to reporters by saying: "I should've stayed in Europe. I'm sorry I came back. Eastern fans have something wrong with them. I don't understand them."

To take a reverse look—this one at Larsen, from the ball boy's box seat—Charles has never understood Larsen. Off the court, ball boys have always found this super-superstitious Californian a nice enough fellow. But once on the court he becomes a prize grouch with all ball boys and constantly raises the merry Ned with them. "Bounce 'em to me, boy," Larsen is always shouting at them. "Bounce 'em!"

All well and good on the bouncing, even though the ball boy prefers to place them on the flat, outstretched racket (less chance of something going wrong). But the ball boy's big lament about Larsen is that, unlike others in the bounce-'em-to-me-boy school, he wants 'em bounced to him

in different ways at different stages of the game. Viz: his early whim may be for a hard bounce; his later one for a slow treatment. Then again, he may tell his ball boy to stand back farther, later demand that he come closer.

"You can't score a guy like Larsen for future reference," Charles says. "You have to sort of od lib with him all the way. He's awfully superstitious. And he's the toughest guy a ball boy bumps into to get along with in the Nationals."

On the other hand, give a ball boy somebody like Vic Seixas to work for and he's happy. The reputation Seixas has earned for good sportsmanship with his opponent carries through to the ball boys. When one of them retrieves for Seixas, he always knows where he stands. Seixas has no bouncing whims and never has been known to bawl out the ball boy.

WHO'S NERVOUS, ANYHOW?

As some thoughtful tournament players realize while others don't, a ball boy can get just as nervous as the man whacking the balls in a capacity stadium. In order to reduce this nervousness to a minimum, the club has worked out a graded program so that the ball boy first works on the field-court matches before moving into the stadium. Usually he spends two years outside before he gets inside.

In addition to retrieving balls, he sees to it that favorite refreshments are on tap for the players. He has to find out what their special choices are. With the whim-swept Larsen, it can be Coke, and then again it can be Pepsi. With Billy Talbert it's orange juice, by the quart. Working in the stadium, in the finals and semi-finals, is a reward earned by a ball boy for good work during the preliminary rounds. This selection is left to the head ball





it bats 23-21 (the last time this happened was four years ago). Five years ago Charles was on a triple-pay match between Schroeder and Gonzales that still stands as the jackpot of his career.

The craftsmanship involved in retrieving tennis balls is sharp. Some players want all the balls left on court until there's a break in the action. Others want them picked up almost at once. A third type—the most difficult for the ball boy—refuses to make a decision and tells the retriever to use his own judgment. "The thing is," Charles says thoughtfully, "you've got to develop a sixth sense about where every stray ball is lying, not pick them up while your man is serving, but go get them when the other guy is ready to serve."

Among the rewards rated on the terrific side by ball boys is to have a victory-happy player be so delighted by his retriever's work that he gives him one of his own rackets. It rarely happens and when it does it's always in the finals.

Naturally everyone likes to be on the inside of dramatic sports action as well as to see his picture in the paper. And those rewards in themselves are probably enough to make up for the pressure, the personality problems, and the poor pay that seem to be the lot of the Forest Hills bouncers.



CROCODILE'S SHIRT

Most top tennis players wear this flse shirt designed by the game's great René ("Le Crocodile") Lacoste to stay tucked, neat, cool, action-free. Imported by David Crystal. \$5.

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WEIDMAN'S BURDEN

E PLURIBUS NOONAN

In a crisis in the Little League a shy mother abandons
a treasured theory to take command

by JEROME WEIDMAN

ONE of the most fascinating words in any language is "command." Give a man some authority, put him in charge of almost anything and you play a small part in the miracle of creation; or, at any rate, rearrangement. Command does for a man's character what some of the childhood diseases do for his skin: it brings out hitherto unsuspected spots.

Last spring and summer, for example, I was for a couple of months an interested but nonparticipating observer of the Little League baseball activities in my town. My oldest son Jeff, then just turned eight, was too young to play on one of the major teams. He was assigned, therefore, to the Owls, one of the teams in our local minor or Cap League, so called because the exchequer, which does not have enough money to buy complete uniforms for these younger boys, does have enough to provide them with colorful baseball caps.

During the first nine-tenths of the Cap League season my involvement in its activities was purely emotional, but highly educational.

I learned, when Jeff missed a pop fly, that the funny sounds the error aroused in my chest were inaudible to the other spectators. I learned, when Jeff neatly smothered a sizzling ground-er and pegged it down to first base in plenty of time for the runner to be called out, that the runner's father,

standing beside me, was hoping I could not hear the funny sounds in his chest. I learned that fashioning a baseball team out of twenty-five small boys, every single one of whom wants to pitch and labors under the delusion that he can, is a task beside which Hercules' celebrated tidying job on the Augean stables pales into insignificance. I learned to respect the man who accomplished this task, a mechanical engineer named Lou McEwen who served without pay as manager of the Owls because he loves baseball and boys.

MOTHER OF THE OWLS

And I learned, through the person of Mrs. Walter Noonan, an approach to baseball that is certainly original, conceivably revolutionary and clearly calculated to drive managers to drink or worse. Mrs. Walter Noonan, a small, frail, very pretty and painfully shy young woman who looked as though she had spent most of her life serving unobtrusively on social welfare committees, was the mother of three small but energetic boys. Edwin, Tom and Sam Noonan were on the Owls' squad, and their mother came to all the Owls games.

Mrs. Noonan, I soon learned, did not come, like the other parents, to cheer the Owls to victory. Nor did she come to heckle their opponents to de-

feat. Mrs. Noonan came to see to it that every boy on the team, including her own three, got a chance to play in every game. And she managed, in spite of her frailty and shyness, to see to it with a single-mindedness that would have earned the approval of Genghis Khan.

All it earned from Mr. McEwen was a groan of despair.

Mr. McEwen's primary interest was not in seeing to it that every boy on his squad had a turn at bat and in the field during every game. Mr. McEwen's primary interest was in winning. He was all for making sure that every boy had a chance to play. But not at the expense of losing games. The good players, he felt, should play more often, and stay in the game longer, than the poor players. Mr. McEwen's explanations fell on Mrs. Noonan's extremely pretty but apparently deaf ears.

I can't say how it was on the other teams in the league. I can say that on the Owls, thanks to Mrs. Noonan's crusading missionary zeal, every member of the squad played some part, however fragmentary, of every game. As a result, there were times when I thought I was watching not a baseball game but a relay race.

In view of this, I thought it remarkable that the Owls managed to win four out of their first six games and thus came into the season's home

LOW-PRESSURE LOPEZ

The manager of the pennant-bound Indians has a theory that a good player is a better player if relaxed, and his easy-does-it is doing it.

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

SOME HOURS before his team's double-header in Boston last Sunday, Manager Al Lopez of the Cleveland Indians addressed his big right-hander, Bob Lemon.

"Bob," Lopez told him with laconic simplicity, "you'll pitch the first game." Turning to Art Houtteman, another right-hander, he said: "Art, you'll work the second."

There was nothing more—by way of injunction or exhortation—that Manager Lopez cared to say. For most of the Sunday double-header, Lopez kept calmly to his dugout; he made no trips to the pitcher's mound. He did step out to third base once for a talk with Umpire Charley Berry. A Boston runner had come into third standing up and been brusquely tagged off the bag by Al Rosen, the Cleveland third baseman. Berry had called Rosen's tag "pushing" and ruled the runner safe. Lopez expressed himself mildly: "My God, Charley," he said, "a man in the big leagues ought to know enough to slide." That was all. Afterward he explained: "It was nothing important, just a difference of opinion."

UNEXCITED—AND RELENTLESS

Calmly, relentlessly, the Indians took both games from the Red Sox, 6-2, 8-1. At the day's end the American League standings read:

| | Games Won | Games Lost | Games Behind | Play |
|--------------|-----------|------------|--------------|------|
| Cleveland 93 | 36 | .721 | — | 25 |
| New York 89 | 40 | .690 | 4 | 25 |

If they maintain that .721 pace through the last 25 games, the unexcited Indians will win 111 games, more than any other American League club has ever won, more than any other major league club has won since Frank Chance's fabulous Chicago Cubs took 116 in 1906.

Despite the Indians' great record over the season, it was only last week that Cleveland fans began showing any signs of pennant fever. The fans have been burned too often in recent



LOPEZ KEEPS A SHREWD, CALM EYE ON HIS PLAYERS FROM THE COOL OF THE DUGOUT

years, notably in 1951 when their team seemed to have the championship wrapped up and had received bushels of mail orders for World Series tickets, only to be knocked off by the Yankees in the final week. In fact the Indians have aroused remarkably little excitement around the league this year, considering their accomplishments.

One reason is that they are a quiet, well-behaved and low-pressure outfit playing under a quiet and low-pressure manager. Al Lopez is no holler-guy like Durocher or Stanky, nor a colorful

crystal-gazer like Stengel. He gets involved in no bitter arguments and utters no fiery quotes. His players, perhaps taking their cue from his behavior, go about their business with a minimum of fuss.

STRONGEST STAFF IN BASEBALL

Lack of fuss is no doubt easier to come by on the 1954 Cleveland club than on many another. For one thing, the Indians rejoice in the strongest pitching staff in baseball. Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia and Art

Houtteman—Manager Lopez's big four—have averaged 17 victories apiece so far. Then there are the wondrous new rookie relief pitchers, Ray Narleski and Don Mossi, sporting some of the lowest earned-run averages in baseball—not to mention the veteran Hal Newhouser and Bobby Feller, who has won 11 games as a spot pitcher. But the lack of fuss around the Cleveland team is also a matter of philosophy.

At 46, Lopez has developed a firm belief that might be expressed: He manages best who manages least. Lopez is the exact opposite of the baseball leader who pretends to be a mastermind manipulating his players like a chess champion his pawns. "All the managers," he says in his unaffected voice and unaffected grammar, "know baseball pretty good. You're not going to outsmart anybody."

Lopez will occasionally order extra batting practice when his team is hitting poorly, but he has never yet been known to push or nag a star hitter who has fallen into a slump. He will advise the player as best he can if asked, but if the player says nothing he keeps silent also. "A slump is mostly a matter of having your timing go off," he says. "Then you start fighting yourself; then you lose your confidence. It's a simple thing but it can feed on itself, especially if somebody is hollering at you to do better. I like to let the boys alone and have them think for themselves." Even if he overhears another player talking to the man in the slump, and offering advice that he considers 100% wrong, he forces himself to hold his tongue. "The poor fellow has enough on his mind," he says, "without hear-

ing two other guys argue what's wrong with him."

Lopez seldom calls a clubhouse meeting to discuss strategy or give his men a pep talk. "I attended hundreds of those clubhouse meetings as a player," he says, "and most of them were a waste of time." He does invariably call one at the beginning of the season and make an annual apology to the substitutes. With slow, rather painful elocution he explains that you can't have a good club with fewer than 25 men, that only nine can play at any given moment but that the others are important too, even down to the merest third-string infielder who will never break into the lineup barring a mass accident or an epidemic. "I really feel for those fellows," he has said of the bench warmers. "They're in the game because they like to play ball and I sure don't blame them. Hell, I always wanted to play too. That's why I was a catcher, where I could keep busy and handle the ball a lot."

WESTERNS FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Lopez is an insomnia victim who often, after a night game, has to read until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning before he can get to sleep. (His favorite fare is westerns and whodunits, but last month during the tensest part of the pennant race he was tackling the Morton Thompson bestseller, *Not As a Stranger*, recommended by his wife. His summary of the plot may be of interest to litterateurs: "There's this poor so-and-so that wants to be a doctor but he's got a miserable dad and his mother's a psycho case. I tell you he has a rough time of it.") Yet no Cleveland player need worry that Lopez will take advantage of his insomnia to go tiptoeing down hotel halls in search of late revelers or curfew violators. As a disciplinarian, Lopez has handed out only one fine to a player in nearly four full seasons, and this in a case where he had no choice. One of his young pitchers began to develop a great weakness for missing trains, an offense which by baseball custom calls for a jolting fine. The first time Lopez had the train held in the Cleveland suburbs until the pitcher arrived; the next time the pitcher missed it altogether. Even then, on the player's promise never to let it happen again, Lopez remitted half the fine. More cynical managers might laugh at this, but the fact is that the pitcher has never been late since.

After Lopez took over the Indians in 1951, following 18 years of big-league catching and three years as a highly



INDIAN MANAGER LOPEZ AND HIS HUSKY

successful manager in the Pittsburgh farm system at Indianapolis, he had a revealing encounter with Mike Garcia, the fiery Latin member of Cleveland's pitching staff. Garcia, after going nicely through the early innings and building up a big lead, was starting to take some lumps. Lopez walked out to the mound and Garcia, who hates perhaps even more than most pitchers to be sent to the showers, went mildly wild. "Now wait a minute," said Lopez in his most conciliatory tone. "I didn't come out here to take you out. I'm not doing you any harm at all. It's those big so-and-so's with the bats. Now let's take it easy and figure how we're going to pitch to this next guy."

'A REAL TOUGH JOB'

Even the umpires love Lopez. They know he will seldom give them any kind of an argument and almost never a frivolous one. Towards the end of August he was thrown out of an im-

THE INDIANS' CHIEF

Alfonso Ramon Lopez: Born in Tampa, Fla., Aug. 20, 1898, of Spanish ancestry and as thoroughly American as pizza, knackwurst and chili con carne.

Played: Broke in with Tampa in 1925, made the majors (Brooklyn) in 1930, subsequently played for Boston (NL), Pittsburgh and Cleveland. A catcher first, last and always, he caught more games (1,918) than any other man in major league history. Handed pitchers so well he was called "Winning Pitcher Lopez." Major league batting average: .261.

Manager: Formed his own ideas about the craft under Robinson, Stengel, McKechnie, Carey, Fritch. Decided the McGraw "drive 'em" technique badly overworked. Won one American Association title, two seconds at Indianapolis, three successive seconds so far at Cleveland.



STARTING PITCHERS: EARLY WYNN (28 VICTORIES), BOB FELLER (33), BOB LEMON (26), MIKE GARCIA (16), ART HOUTTEMAN (34)

portant game in Detroit, the second time this season an umpire had chased him. The next day a reporter, looking for some good angry quotes, asked him how he felt about it. Lopez looked thoughtfully into the distance and said, "Well, it's a tough job, that umpiring. Yes sir, a real tough job."

All Cleveland players know, on the other hand, that their manager is in his own quiet and secret way a great worrier and a hard loser. From spring training until the last game is played, he appears to be in a state of almost continual exhaustion. After a game he can sometimes hardly talk. "I don't know what it is," he once said in a rare outburst of self-analysis, "but it makes me more tired to sit in the cool of the dugout as a manager than it ever did to squat out there in the sun catching a double-header." He is an avid golfer in the wintertime when free from a manager's oppressions but never carries his clubs around and seldom gets

in even nine holes during the ball season. "I wish I could play some golf because I know it would relax me," he says, "but I'm just too tired."

CHILLS IN BROOKLYN

Besides his insomnia, Lopez owns what the doctors call a "nervous stomach." It first developed while he was catching at Brooklyn around 1938 and a Park Avenue doctor told him it was probably due to his habit of going to bed with the morning papers and a pint of ice cream. He gave up chilling his stomach so thoroughly at bedtime and lost the symptoms for a while but they recurred during every tense season he had as a player and showed up once again when he did his first managing in the minor leagues. He has had his nervous stomach ever since and has to avoid all raw foods like poison, especially in the thick of a pennant fight.

In a reminiscent mood recently, Lopez was elaborating on how much

pleasure he had as a player, in a career which began at 16 when he caught the great Walter Johnson in an exhibition game in Tampa and then went on to embrace a world's record of 1,918 games as a big-league catcher with Brooklyn, Boston, Pittsburgh and Cleveland. "Man, I loved playing," he said. "I always had a lot of fun."

"What's wrong with managing?" asked a listener. "Don't you have any fun as a manager?"

Lopez said with utterly honest simplicity, "Hell, no."

Despite the critics of the Lopez system, the chances are that his players know this, sympathize with his problems much as he sympathizes with theirs, and give him their best without any need of faking. "There's only one thing worse than losing a game," said Pitcher Bob Lemon recently, "and that's watching Al sit there in the clubhouse and stare at his toes after you've lost one."



PEN-RAISED QUAIL

Texas is kidding hunters with plan that sounds good but won't work

by HART STILWELL

DOWN in Texas, delinquent girls are going to start raising quail under a project recently adopted by the Texas Game and Fish Commission. It's a touching idea—pen-reared girls mothering pen-reared quail. Possibly this mothering will help the unfortunate girls and give them a better chance to face a hard world when they are released.

What it will do to the quail when they are released can best be illustrated by an account of some field trials held in Oklahoma not long ago. The sponsors wanted plenty of birds, so they arranged to have pen-reared quail released on the course.

The quail, lacking knowledge of such elementary quail procedure as operating in a covey, wandered around singly or in twos and threes. They got out in the open, showing mild curiosity when a hawk flew overhead. They were searching for those little food pellets they had been living on. Grass seeds were completely strange to them.

A lean bird dog, running bell-beat-for-leather, got a whiff of quail scent and slid into a fancy point only a short distance from a pair of birds. Instead of squatting to get ready for a take-off, as would wild quail, they ambled around looking at the dog as though they thought he was just plain silly.

This was quite distressing to the dog. It's hard to maintain dignity

when you're being laughed at. But the dog held his point.

Then along came a human animal and it was his turn to be confused. He saw the quail running around still hunting for food pellets, entirely ignoring the dog—then ignoring the man. He moved up to within 20 feet and finally prodded the quail into flight. They made a dinky hop of about 30 feet. They weren't sure of their wings; this flying business seemed dangerous.

So the question arises, what chance do pen-reared quail have of surviving in the wild if they are unalarmed by hawk and dog and man? The answer is they have practically no chance.

This fact was established as far back as 1927 when Herbert L. Stoddard, considered the "father" of game management and author of a definitive book on the bobwhite quail, concluded that pen-rearing wouldn't work. The only way to increase the quail sup-

ply, he said, was to improve the land—provide more food and cover. Yet in the 27 years since Stoddard made that statement, almost every quail state in the U.S. except Mississippi and Texas has tried its hand at releasing pen-reared birds.

The fallacy of pen-rearing has seldom been better demonstrated than in Missouri. First, the state tried the foster-parent system, hoping trapped wild quail would teach the pen-reared chicks the facts of life. Only a few pairs would adopt young. Where individual birds took over, with males showing a much stronger family drive than females, the young failed to survive. On an unstocked tract where the land was improved, quail increased from 192 to 663 in five years. On a comparable tract stocked but not improved, there was a decline.

SOLID GOLD QUAIL

All the experiments have proved one thing: the cost of pen-reared birds in the hunter's bag is staggering. It ranges from \$2 to as high as \$56, depending on when the birds are released.

The nine members of the Texas Game and Fish Commission knew this. They also knew that trapping and redistributing wild birds, a far sounder procedure, wasn't worth the effort. The state tried it years ago and gave it up. They knew the U.S. Fish and Wild Life Service long ago declared releasing pen-reared quail an unsound procedure, and refused to match state funds on such projects. They were told that not a single biologist in their department favored it. Still they appropriated \$75,000 to establish a hatchery at the State School for Girls at Gainesville.

Why? Simply because it sounds good to a public that has been demanding that something be done to increase Texas' 12,000,000 quail population. Actually, releasing 20,000 or even 40,000 birds in that vast population will make little difference, except perhaps for laughs, when the tame quail begin looking for home and delinquent girls.

PASTIMES OF NOTABLES

GUN-TOTING JUSTICE



A strapping six-footer who enjoys the outdoors, Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U.S., is a better-than-average marksman. His favorite targets are pheasants, ducks and geese. But when the momentous call came from Washington informing him of his Supreme Court appointment, he was hunting deer with his son, Bobby (right), who bagged the one shown here. Equally interested in spectator sports, Warren once attended four football games in a single weekend. When he went to Washington, major league baseball gained a fan. As often as his duties permit, he heads for Griffith Stadium. There he likes to keep score and frequently voices an opinion, perhaps less formal but just as positive as those he renders from the Supreme Court bench.

THE PAINTING FISHERMAN

Winslow Homer showed the wild outdoors as he knew and loved it in the 19th Century and set a style that is still in vogue today



THE OUSANICHE, a rare landlocked salmon, is striking as well this month as he was in 1897 when Winslow Homer did *Oussaniche* Fishing in the Canadian wilds.

WINSLOW HOMER knew the importance of the flash of sun on antlers and the curve of a fly rod against morning mist. A dedicated outdoorsman, he got up at 3 on summer mornings before going to work at his first and only steady job (two years at a lithographer's) to fish a pond near Boston.

Homer was a New Englander who got his start as a Civil War artist-reporter. After the war his specialty became the American outdoors. Hunting, fishing and boating occupied him increasingly and became the subjects for such elegant, forceful paintings as are shown on these pages. They are now owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Until his death in 1910 at 74, Homer strove for the realism that made him famous. "Tell Charlie," he once wrote a friend on a day in June, "I have a fine sketch of a black bass taken in the boat five minutes after he was caught."





THE STILLNESS of a mountain lake, mirroring the shadows of the tree-lined shore half hidden by a misty overcast, was recorded by angler-artist Homer in *Trout Fishing, Lake St. John, Quebec* in 1895.

The Adirondacks, with their abundance of fish and game, attracted Homer as much as the Canadian woods. He spent a good deal of time in this New York wilderness and here found some of his favorite models and most dramatic subjects



"ADIRONDACK GUIDE" is a shimmering picture of a mountaineer in his native habitat. The bewhiskered oarsman probably is a likeness of Old Mountain Phillips, one of several guides who accompanied Homer on his fishing and painting trips.



ATTAR OF SQUID

A surf fisherman isn't in the run without his bottle of perfume

by TED JAMES

MANY an eastern angler will remember 1954 as the Year of the Big Stink, for it was then that ocean fishermen discovered scented lures. Surf casters have roamed the beaches these past months trailing fumes of menhaden, and charter cruisers reek like New Bedford whalers.

The use of olfactory come-ons is old stuff to fresh-water anglers. Generations of catfishermen have placed their faith in pungent mixtures of coagulated blood, Limburger cheese, chicken entrails and other ingredients compounded according to secret formulas handed down from father to son. But over the years scented lures have been largely neglected by the newer cult of ocean sport fishermen.

FISH LOVE SMELLY BAITS

True, the practice of "chumming" had for some time flourished among both commercial and sport fishermen in quest of tuna, bluefish and mackerel. Chum (menhaden and herring put through a grinder and tossed overboard) creates an oily slick—in effect a scented line—which attracts.

Now such attractors have been adapted to artificial lures. Among the first developments was a hollow copper sinker packed with cotton batting which could be soaked in cod liver oil to act as a miniature chum pot for bottom fishermen. Then a few adventurous spirits began drilling holes in plugs and jigs and inserting wads of cotton impregnated with homemade scents. Eel slime, menhaden, squid, fish livers, bloodworms and clams, mixed in varying proportions with holding agents and laced with anise oil, simmered on the stoves of city apartments and seashore cottages.

A number of these experiments ended in failure and divorce, while a few of the more successful compounds eventually reached the market on a commercial basis. But the great awakening

did not really occur until this year when one fisherman told another and the panic was on. Overnight, a bottle of perfume became a vital essential in the salt-water angler's kit.

A few fishermen still contrive their own scents according to closely guarded formulas, but they are in the minority now. Today any angler with a spare dollar can choose from a number of heady liquids, "one drop of which," according to the ads, will draw fish like a magnet.

And what of these claims and guarantees? Do scented lures actually catch more fish than unperfumed ones? A great deal more research will be necessary before a definite answer can be given. Meanwhile, it is possible to make a few cautious assertions based upon the experience of a wide number of fishermen this past season. Fundamentally, the use of scent will not per se guarantee a string of fish. It will not

compensate for sloppy casting or for fishing barren grounds. On the credit side, it can lend added conviction to a skillfully handled lure.

Tests have already proved that fish have a highly developed sense of smell. One such experiment was conducted by a New England sporting-goods dealer who kept a large brook trout on display in a tank. A continuous stream of fresh water fell in a miniature cataract at one end of the tank, and it was the dealer's custom to drop an occasional worm behind this foaming curtain. The trout, staring morosely through the glass at the opposite end of the 10-foot enclosure, couldn't possibly see the worm, but within seconds it would swim behind the waterfall to pick up the waiting morsel.

Thus it seems obvious that fish, like other creatures, rely upon smell as well as sight and sound in their search for food. And it is also through these senses that they determine the merits of a passing object as a possible item of diet. If a lure looks like a bait fish and sounds like a bait fish as it splashes through the water, two obstacles have been successfully overcome. If it also smells like a bait fish its attractiveness is thereby greatly enhanced.

RECKING LINES WERE BEST

At least, so it worked out for one Cape Cod surf caster fishing the milling rips off Nauset Inlet this summer. Time after time as he retrieved his plug, huge bass followed in its gurgling wake only to swirl away at the last instant. Finally the frustrated fisherman remembered a bottle of comestible he had bought a few days previously. He anointed his plug with a liberal dose of this elixir and on the very next cast a 53-pound bass engulfed it.

So it has worked out for Arnold Laine, a rod-and-reel commercial fisherman who took 12,000 pounds of striped bass on lures smeared with scent. And so it worked out for the angler who stood beside a companion using the same lure without scent and took four bass to the other's none with a perfumed popping plug.

There are those who claim that psychology plays a large part in the success of aromatic lures. Those who use them expect a strike, they declare, and in this happy anticipatory mood the fisherman stays alert and his technique is thereby improved. Whatever the explanation, the results so far achieved have been sufficiently spectacular and consistent to command the attention of serious anglers.



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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

80—season opened (or opened); **8C**—season closed (or closed); **8V**—season varied by district or water.
C—clear water; **D**—water dirty or rilly; **M**—water muddy.
N—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling.
WTS—water temperature 50°.
FG—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor. **OG**—outlook good; **OP**—outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

BLACK BASS: PENNSYLVANIA: FG on Allegheny River (Forest County) but most fish under 12"; Copperport Lake producing a few whoppers on bait; Juniata, Susquehanna, Cataleogues and other central-state waters report FP as weeds & algae thrive; OG as weather cools; FG, improving on Delaware from Port Jervis to Hocking.
MISSOURI: Lake of Ozarks (Gravels Arm area) N, C but FP; Lake Wapshaw N, C, FF.
FLORIDA: Cane-polers hauling bigmouths from Tamiami Canal on worms, crickets, cut shrimp; basses dead early a.m. and late p.m.
TENNESSEE: FP throughout eastern part of state and OP as hot weather continues.

STEELHEAD TROUT: OREGON: FG on Columbia below McNary Dam with orange flatfish last here, river L, C, OG as fishing improves daily.

CALIFORNIA: FG in Klamath River, OG.
BRITISH COLUMBIA: Stamp and Ash rivers on Vancouver Island report FG, and Breen River hot; Morice and Kootenay runs are in, and Coquella fishing steady, OG through next two weeks.

WASHINGTON: FF in Klickitat, Wind rivers and Denny Lake but heavy rains have slowed action in most coastal rivers.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Chinooks due at Niknisk and OG next two weeks; FG at most other spots and OG through Labor Day, then starting to taper off gradually; last week's top fish 28 pounds (Comox), 56 (Campbell), 51 (Nahmich); fall run of cohoes starting to show, with FG off Cape Mudge, Pender Harbor, Qualicum Beach and parts of Tenasla Island; should improve steadily next two weeks as northern fish of 15 pounds and over show up in catches.

OREGON: Columbia in good condition with salmon now inside in good numbers and many chinooks topping 40 pounds, trollers and herring-mothers doing well and OG despite unsettled weather.

CALIFORNIA: OG off Klamath River as 1,500 fishermen checked in at landings last week and trollers did big business. Golden Gate waters produced average of two salmon (20 to 30 pounds per angler) and OG; FF off Eureka and Monterey, spotty in Sacramento River.

BLUEFISH: NEW YORK: Montauk surf fishermen taking three- to seven-pound blues from south-shore beaches on chum and squid and plugs but no action at North Bar yet; OG.

RHODE ISLAND: Blues showing offshore in good numbers but playing hard to get with surf cutters; OG if/when but moves in to beach.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Night tides producing at Cape spots as fishing has eased off; OG through September.

OREGON: FF in Coos Bay area with trolled yellow jigs killing many bass in 40-pound class; fly-fishing with streamers and peepers also pro-

ducing, and OG as runs increase; weather squally and rain gear essential.

NEW YORK: Nice Mosquito bass (17 to 45 pounds), weighed in at Johnny's Tackle Shop last weekend but fishing is still slow and spotty; OF.

CALIFORNIA: Trollers doing best in Carquinez Straits but no bragging fish reported; OF.

NORTH CAROLINA: Schooling bass appearing in brackish northern Carolina sounds near Wanchese. Mottos and Kitty Hawk and fish to right pounds showing in tidal rivers along coast; OG.

TROUT: NEW YORK: Eriepus N, C, WT60-62 but even small rainbows are laying low; OF if frost before Sept. 11.

CALIFORNIA: Fly-fishing red-hot in most high lakes and streams (especially lakes over Puute and Duck passes) and Sierra fishing at season's peak; Virginia Lake producing big goldeneye; lower Owens River gorge yielding big brownie; all Sierra streams L, C, OG.

WYOMING: Most streams in state L, C, WT 50-55, caddis and damselflies on water, fly-fishing at peak. Willow flies and white streamers producing on Platte and other northwest Wyoming streams, and OG next two weeks.

COLORADO: Gunnison River L, C, FF, OF; Colorado (Glenwood area) dumpy but clearing, OF, Big and Little Blue and Big and Little Cimarron are L, C, FF with fine, OF; Big Thompson (Lower area) L, FF, OF; Green Mountain Reservoir L, C, fair-to-good trolling, OG.

MAINE: 7½-pound brown trout caught last week at China Lake by Mrs. Winifred Dean of Roxbury, Mass., who revealed secret formula: Keep fishing.

MONTANA: FG and improving as waters get cooler; Yellowstone, Madison, Big Hole, Blackfoot, Bitterroot and Flathead Rivers good and OG through September; Missouri River at Ton-ton producing trout in 5-pound class, some on dry flies.

WASHINGTON: Most mountain lakes producing well; Wapitus, Curlew and Deep Lakes are best bets for trophy fish.

MUSKELLUNGE: WISCONSIN: All state water levels slightly high; FG on Potomac Lake, Flambeau, Presque Isle, Clear and Boulder Lakes with Rhineland area at peak action; sucker-soakers getting most of the play but nobody setting new size records.

PENNSYLVANIA: Midget muskies (8 to 20 pounds) taking plugs and spoons on Cusawago Creek (Crawford County) but FP in Allegheny River; FG at Lake Leflore (Erie County) with four fish to 33 pounds taken in one evening last week.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: NC start Tuesday on Cumpston, Kridgers and Rostgouche; St. John N, F, FG at McIntosh Bar, Chokee Bar and Curry's Mountain Pools, OG through September for 18- to 20-pound fish; 23½-pound salmon in best of season in Ducktown area on Miramichi, with OG as high water eases off.



STRICTLY FOR BIRDIE

This tribute doesn't blink the fact that Tebbetts is an awfully honest man

by RED SMITH

WITH A TEAR in his fountain pen, Bill Stewart, the umpire, quoted Birdie Tebbetts to Warren Giles, President of the National League: "You're a lousy umpire. You booted it in the World Series. You booted it in the All-Star game. You're just a lousy umpire."

"That'll cost you fifty," Giles advised the Cincinnati manager, whose eyes and wallet opened wide.

"I wouldn't say a thing like that to an umpire," Tebbetts protested.

He could be mistaken about that. From time to time managers of baseball teams have been known to use language within earshot of umpires, and language is a tool which Tebbetts employs with facility. Yet when he says he did not say what Stewart says he said, it is difficult to believe he did, for the manager of the Reds is a freak among baseball men. He never says, "I was misquoted," unless he was.

When he was a member of the Boston Red Sox, the papers quoted his estimate of his playmates: "Moronic malcontents." He did not disown the happy phrase.

ANOTHER HAPPY PHRASE

When Charley Dressen, as manager of the Dodgers in 1951, publicly accused a Brooklyn pitcher of cowardice, Tebbetts made a speech. He said Dressen was not a nice man and that ball players all over had rejoiced that his Dodgers lost the pennant. Birdie did not back down.

This is Tebbetts' first season as Resident Djinn of a major league team, but he was marked for such an office by the time he got out of Providence College. It is a tenet of baseball faith that man thinks best from a squat. Hide his comely features behind an iron mask, sheathe the bosom and shins in armor, put a big liver-shaped mitt on his left paw, and when he goes into a

squat his brain gives off sparks. Machiavellian stratagem and weighty decisions become as child's play to him.

That is why so many used catchers, from Connie Mack to Al Lopez, have been elevated to godship and awarded a private dressing room for changing their underwear and holding press conferences. Tebbetts is not only a used catcher, but one with an intellect as sharp as a buccanner's dirk.

Moreover he is a dedicated man, a monk in flannels pledged to baseball by holy vows. Baseball is all he cares about, all he thinks about. On winter evenings he sits at home staring vacantly into the fire, lips moving silently. "Well," his wife will say, "what inning are we in now?"

In a New York theater last winter, Tebbetts encountered a friend in the lobby between acts. The friend inquired after the family. Mrs. Tebbetts was inside, Birdie said.

"How are your progeny?" the friend asked.

"I need right-handed pitchers," Birdie said. When he got back to his seat, chuckling, he repeated the exchange to Mrs. Tebbetts.

"It figured," she said.

This does not imply that he is indifferent to children. He approves of them, perhaps absent-mindedly, in-



BIRDIE TEBBETTS, 15 years a catcher, became Reds' manager last spring.

cluding his own three. He also thinks well of mother love.

When he was catching for the Detroit Tigers he was warmed by a motherly letter from Mrs. Howard Wakefield about her son, Dick, toward whom the Tigers had cast sheep's eyes and \$52,000. Her boy was coming out of college to join the Tigers, and Mrs. Wakefield hoped Mr. Tebbetts would keep a fatherly eye on him.

Like everybody else who meets Wakefield, Tebbetts found the young man to be amiable, talented and altogether likable. They struck up a warm friendship that was not affected by the discovery that Wakefield was not a major league outfielder. Birdie had not bet \$52,000 that he was.

Failing with the Tigers, Wakefield also failed with the Yankees, which is easier. He reached the minors on merit. Meanwhile Tebbetts was traveling, too. By the spring of 1952 he was with the Indians, training in Tucson, Ariz. There Wakefield arrived seeking a try-out. No go. Al Lopez, the manager, told Wakefield he wasn't going to make it as a regular and suggested that he hunt another job. Wakefield called on Leo Durocher, who said yes, he was welcome to try out with the Giants. New York and Cleveland customarily tour home together from training camp, playing exhibitions as they go.

A PEACHY PITCH

In Baton Rouge, La., Tebbetts was catching a young pitcher and Cleveland was leading the Giants, 1 to 0, with two out in the ninth inning. Durocher gave Wakefield his first chance as a pinch batter.

Tebbetts happened to know that it had been decided to farm out the young pitcher for another season. What happened here would not affect his future. Birdie called for a pitch which, experience had taught him, would look ginger-peachy to Mrs. Wakefield's boy. Dick hit it on a line to left center for two bases. The next batter popped up.

"You took real good care of your boy," the Giant coach, Herman Franks, yelled to Tebbetts.

"That was the pitch?" Tebbetts snapped. "Did it have something on it?"

"Pretty good stuff," Franks conceded.

"And the next pitch the guy popped up," Birdie said. "Same pitch, wasn't it? Listen, exhibition or World Series game, I don't take care of anybody. I wouldn't groove one for my mother."

Silently he added to himself: "I didn't say Wakefield's mother."



ANDY'S INDISCRETION

Crevelin told a tape recorder what a lot of people already knew

by ALBION HUGHES

THE EMBARRASSMENT California Horseman Andy Crevelin has suffered as the result of a tape-recorded interview published recently in *The Blood-Horse* reminds me of the old vaudeville comedian who came onstage with a horn and complained throughout his act: "I blow in so sweet and it comes out so sour."

Obviously Mr. Crevelin, owner of the Kentucky Derby winner, *Determine*, was bemused by the sound of his own voice. He must have been as surprised as anyone when he discovered that he had said: "We don't try to win with our young horses first or second time . . . we're not going to kill a horse the first time he runs and break his heart."

In effect Crevelin was saying that he and his trainer follow the practice of "qualifying" horses, which means getting them in condition by running them in races they are not expected to win. This happens most frequently with green two-year-olds which only learn to fend for themselves by racing in competition.

There is nothing new about the practice nor about the attitude of turf writers toward it. Stable owners, too, have deplored it. About fifteen years ago Alfred Vanderbilt took the stand that qualifying was a farce and unfair to the public who bet on horses in good faith. Fred Keats, racing columnist, brought it up again recently. But no one yet has come up with a workable solution. The proposed preprogram nonbetting race is impractical. But that doesn't alter the fact that "qualifying" is bad for racing.

SO MANY FILLIES

The Illinois Racing Board was particularly disturbed by Crevelin's statements. The California extrovert described a race at Arlington in devastating terms. "... I never saw a race where so many [young] fillies were be-

ing pulled. . . . Nobody was really cheating but nobody was trying, and it just wasn't good . . . they all wanted weight off. . . ."

Merely in passing he also claimed that *Determine* could have won the Derby Trial and beaten *Hasty Road* if he had felt the flick of the whip; that he started *Imbros* (the colt which gave him a stake double by winning the \$100,000 *Kyne Handicap* at Bay Meadows the very day *Determine* carried off the Derby) at Arlington with



A KISS FOR DETERMINE is delivered by Owner Andy Crevelin, 47-year-old Alhambra, Calif. auto dealer, after the colt won Kentucky Derby last spring. Crevelin's *Imbros* won \$100,000 stake race in California the same day.

instructions to the boy to ease him back to dead last because the track was muddy.

However, as a man horrified by the machine age, I can sympathize somewhat with Crevelin confronted by the inexorable tape-recorded interview. A reporter with a pad and pencil can be refuted but try as the over-talkative Californian will to apologize, and to say "I didn't mean just that, I was

only kidding," electronics has him in its clutches.

All in all the rambunctious Andy threw an H-bomb at racing. The Illinois Racing Board has already offered the film patrol pictures of *Imbros'* race for review by turf writers and officials. The conclusion was that Crevelin was talking through his hat. *Imbros* was trying all right but just couldn't make it. Again the machine age took a hand.

California racing authorities are looking into things, too. For Crevelin claimed that he didn't try with *Determine* in his first three races. But the trainer and the riders who have been questioned there deny ever receiving any orders other than to go out and win.

An editorial commenting on the affair in the *Daily Racing Form* says that "Racing in the United States is probably the best supervised sport in the world. However there is no doubt that the fans are troubled by the failure of stewards to take action in cases of serious reversals of form."

FIVE SHOULDN'T HAPPEN

Everyone who follows racing has had the experience of betting on a horse that dogs it one week and wins at box-car figures the next. There is some valid reason for this 95% of the time. But the other five shouldn't happen. I have long thought that so-called trial stakes on the eve of a classic do little to help the public determine the winner of the upcoming event, although they may help ready the horses.

The Blood-Horse in a follow-up editorial tries to get Crevelin off his electronic book by saying "We can only declare our sincere regrets that . . . he . . . must suffer because he doesn't know the completely satisfactory answer to a contradiction inherent in racing nor as yet resolved by its wisest heads and sternest lawmakers."

This doesn't exactly unhook Andy, but the casual racegoer may gather some comfort from the knowledge that the problem has been around for a couple of hundred years. In short the unwary are no worse off than before.

Winning the Saratoga Hopeful in a hard-fought, well-run race in very fast time sends Belair Stud's *Nashua* back to New York as the inevitable choice for the Belmont Futurity. He's going to find a very fast challenger waiting for him downstate, *Royal Coinage*, winner of the Saratoga Special. Both he and *Clairborne Farm's* filly, *Delta*, still in the Midwest, are real fliers. The three of them may well be battling it out till snow flies.



A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

• A five-man team headed by **Donald Healey**, British automobile designer, drove unmodified Austin-Healey 100-5 to a staggering total of 33 American and International Class D records during 24-hour run over Bonneville, Utah salt flats. Most notable: 132.29 mph for entire run—27.99 mph better than previous record.

• The **Minnesota Braves** turned away 4,590 fans from double-header with Brooklyn Dodgers, still couldn't enough customers—45,922—to see new National League attendance record of 1,341,666 for season, 15,269 better than record they set in their 1955 debut at Milwaukee.

• **Vladimir Kuc**, sailor in Russian Baltic fleet, won 5,806-meter run in European Games at Bern, Switzerland with world record time of 13:24.6. Old record: 13:57.3, held by **Emil Zafopok** of Czechoslovakia, who finished third behind Kuc and Chris Chataway of England.

• Another Russian, **Mikhail Krivonozov**, beat both world record and record holder when he threw 16-pound hammer 287 ft., 9½ in. at Bern. Second: Sverre Strandell of Norway, who held former record of 294 ft., 7 in.

TRACK AND FIELD

EUROPEAN GAMES—The Russian track and field team, with 17 gold medals in five days, scored overwhelming total of 269 points to win unofficial team title at European Games at Bern. Runners-up: Great Britain—whose **Roger Bannister** easily won 1,500-meter run in 3:43.5—with team total of 101½; Czechoslovakia—whose husband-and-wife pair of **Emil** and **Dana Zafopok** won 10,000-meter run and women's javelin throw on meet's opening day—with 90.

GOLF

YOUNG AMATEUR—**Arnold Palmer**, 24, of Cleveland, came from two-down after 18-hole morning round to beat Bob Sweeney of New York, one up, for U.S. Amateur championship at the Country Club of Detroit.

YOUNG PRO—**Bud Holscher**, 23, of Santa Monica, Calif., shot eight-under-par 63 to win \$26,500 Labatts Open at Toronto. Seven strokes behind leader piling into final round, Holscher finished with 72-hole total of 269 to win first tournament since he entered the circuit last January.

BASEBALL

OLD SONG—Familiar names made news in major leagues last week:

• **Bob Lemon** of Cleveland Indians became first major-league pitcher to win 29 games this season when he beat Boston Red Sox 6-2. Victory helped Indians stretch lead to four games over New York Yankees.

• **Ted Williams** hit 361st home run of career to tie Joe DiMaggio for fifth place in all-time records.

• **New York Giants** split two-game series with Milwaukee, another two games with St. Louis Cardinals to see lead cut to 1½ games Sunday night, as **Brooklyn Dodgers** took two from both Cards and Braves.

NEW THRILLS—**Sam Masera**, 12, hit first-inning home run, pitched Schenectady to 7-5 victory over Colton, Calif. in final of Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa.

HORSE RACING

DOUBLES—**Enny Jim Fitzsimmons**, 80-year-old dean of American trainers, won his 10th Saratoga Cup when Odgen Phipps' **Great Captain Eddie Arcore** up-scored five-length victory over Mrs. John Payson Adams' **Impulsive**. Next day Mr. Fitz and Arcore combined again to win **Hopeful Stakes**—first victory for both in Saratoga's top test for two-year-olds—with **Belair Stud's Mathias**. Second by a neck in the 6¼-furlong sprint: Mrs. Russell A. Firestone's **Summer Tan**.

FILLES—**Clairborne Farm's Delta** slogged through mud at Washington Park to take first money in \$102,760 **Princess Pat Stakes**, richest race in year for two-year-old fillies.

• **Max Hempt's** three-year-old **Stenograph**, holder of nine world records for fillies, trotted mile heats of 2:03½ and 2:04½ to win **Breeder's Filly Trot** on Grand Circuit card at Missouri State Fair.

BREEZE—**Lawrence R. Troiano's King Commander** carried top weight of 154 pounds to nine-length victory over Montpelier's favored **Shipboard** in Saratoga **Steeplechase Handicap**. Time for 2½-mile course: 5:00½, 3½ seconds better than previous track record.

MARKET—Yearling Sales at Del Mar, Calif., conducted by **Humphrey Finney's Fag-Tipton Company** and called by Auctioneer **George Finkbeiner**, wound up last week with a total of 76 yearlings sold for a record average of \$5,688. Another record at the Sales: \$31,800—highest ever for California yearling—paid by Mrs. George Lewis of Los Angeles for a bay colt by Sullivan-Brave Gesture.

TRAPSHOOTING

ROARING GRAND—**Nick Egan**, 14, of Flushing, L.I. won Grand American Handicap, biggest prize at Vandalia championships, by breaking 99 of 100 targets in regular shoot against 2,008 entrants, then knocking down 49 of 50 in special shoot-off with two other survivors. Runners-up: **Harry Gary**, 37, of Creve Coeur, Ill. and **John Marcus**, 57, of Louisville.

• Another 14-year-old, **Dianne Williamson** of Compton, Calif., won women's division

of the Grand by breaking 95 targets out of 100.

• **Arnold Blegger** of Seattle broke 975 of 1,500 during week to win four individual titles and overall championship.

TENNIS

PRELUDE—In final warmup for Forest Hills, **Tony Trabert**, 1953 U.S. National champion and top-seeded for this year's tournament, beat Tom Brown of San Francisco 6-3, 6-3 for Nassau Bowl at Glen Cove, L.I.

• **Leslie Brough** of Beverly Hills, also top-seeded at Forest Hills after leg injury disqualified **Maureen Connolly**, swept past **Deris Hart** of Coral Gables, Fla. 6-4, 6-4 in finale of Maidstone Invitation at East Hampton, L.I.

THE NATIONALS—The day after Nassau victory, Trabert entered Nationals at Forest Hills and stormed through first-round opponent, **Dr. Hubert Eaton** of Wilmington, Del., 6-0, 6-0, 6-1. In other opening matches:

• **Vic Seaton**, runner-up to Trabert last year and second-seeded for current tournament, beat **Lieut. R. Spencer Brent** of Dallas 6-1, 6-0, 6-1.

• **Law Head** of Australia, top-seeded foreigner, overcame stubborn **Sidney Schwartz** of Miami, Fla. 10-12, 6-0, 6-4, 6-4.

• **Ken Rosewall**, Head's Aussie Davis Cup partner and second-seeded foreign entrant, heat **Edward Lee** of Washington, D.C. 6-1, 6-1, 6-0.

JUNIORS—**Barbara Krall**, 16, of North Hollywood, Calif. won U.S. Girls' grass-court tennis championships at Philadelphia with 2-6, 6-2, 6-4 victory over **Darlene Hard** of Montebello, Calif.

BASKETBALL

REINSTATED—**Net Holman**, suspended Nov. 18, 1952 from post as basketball coach and associate professor of hygiene at City College of New York for "conduct unbecoming a teacher," was reinstated as associate professor by Dr. Lewis A. Wilson, Commissioner of Education for New York State. Dr. Wilson's decision overruled verdict of 21-man Board of Education of New York City, which had suspended Holman for not reporting cash offers made to players on his scandal-racked team.

SAILING

WOMEN'S CHAMPION—Mrs. **Allegre Mertz** of Rye, N.Y. won Mrs. Charles Francis Adams Bowl—emblematic of the national women's sailing championship—with a total of 194 points for five-race series. It was the second time in five years Mrs. Mertz had won the national title.

SLOW FINISHERS—**John Van Dyke's Sea State** did not win a single race during International Star class regatta, but his overall record of a third, two fifths, a seventh and

COMING EVENTS

● TELEvised EVENTS: ALL TIMES GIVEN ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

September 3 through 9

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

Boxing

● Oscar Brown vs. Charlie Norles, heavyweights, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Swimming

San Jose Windjammer Race, Alameda, Calif.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Auto Racing

Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally, 850-m. race, Edinburgh, Scotland to Goodwood, England.
Sports car race, Thompson Raceway, Conn.

Canoeing

North American Championships, Washington, D.C.

Flying

Bends Trophy Race, Dayton, Ohio.

Football

Chicago Bears vs. Washington Redskins (exhibition), Columbia, S.C., 8 p.m.
Detroit Lions vs. New York Giants (exhibition), Norman, Okla., 8 p.m. C.D.T.
Los Angeles Rams vs. Chicago Cardinals (exhibition), Portland, Ore., 8 p.m. P.D.T.
Philadelphia Eagles vs. Green Bay Packers (exhibition), Hershey, Pa., 8:35 p.m.
● Montreal Alouettes vs. Ottawa Rough Riders, Montreal (Eastern Big Four Union), 1:45 p.m. (NBC).
Toronto Argonauts vs. Hamilton Tiger-Cats, Toronto (Eastern Big Four Union).
Calgary Stampeders vs. Vancouver Lions, Calgary (Western Interprovincial Union).
Winnipeg Blue Bombers vs. Regina Rough Riders, Winnipeg (Western Interprovincial Union).

Horses

U.S. equestrian team trials, Nashville, Tenn.

Horse Racing

Washington Pk. Futurity, \$75,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds up, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill.
Del Mar Debutante Stakes, \$35,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Del Mar, Calif.
Buckeye Handicap, \$35,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Randall Pk., Ohio.
● Vagrancy Handicap, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Aqueduct, L.I., 4 p.m. (CBS).

Motorboating

Class 1 service inboard natl. championship, Ocean City, N.J.

Motorcycling

Natl. championship 7-m. dirt track race, Indianapolis State Fair Grounds, St. Paul.
Natl. championship 10-m. dirt track race, State Fair Grounds, Syracuse, N.Y.

Swimming

Lipton Cup Regatta, Bales, Miss.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

Auto Racing

Italian Grand Prix, Monza, Italy.

Football

San Francisco 49ers vs. Cleveland Browns (exhibition), San Francisco, 2 p.m. P.D.T.

Motorboating

Connecticut River outboard marathon, Hartford, Conn.

Motorcycling

300-m. Natl. Speedway Race, Langhorne, Pa.
Natl. championship endurance run, Lansing, Mich.

Felix

Detroit vs. Milwaukee, U.S. Natl. Open, Oak Brook Polo Club, Hinsdale, Ill.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

Auto Racing

NASCAR Southern "500," Darlington, S.C.
Puke's Peak Hill Climb, Colorado Springs, Col.

Boxing

● Armand Savoy vs. Teddy Dews, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (On Mont).
● Ted Dila vs. Jesse Turner, middleweights, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Football

Hamilton Tiger-Cats vs. Toronto Argonauts, Hamilton (Eastern Big Four Union).
Ottawa Rough Riders vs. Montreal Alouettes, Ottawa (Eastern Big Four Union).
Regina Rough Riders vs. Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Regina (Western Interprovincial Union).
Edmonton Eskimos vs. Vancouver Lions, Edmonton (Western Interprovincial Union).

Horse Racing

Washington Pk. Handicap, \$100,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill.
Atlantic City Turf Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/2 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.
Bay Shore Handicap, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Aqueduct, L.I.
Del Mar Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Del Mar, Calif.

Motorboating

Silver Cup power boat race, Detroit.
128-cu.-in. inboard hydroplane natl. championship, Milwaukee, N.J.
48-cu.-in. inboard hydroplane natl. championship, Long Beach, Calif.

Swimming

World Star championships, Cascais, Portugal.

Softball

Women's natl. championship, Orange, Calif.

Tennis

U.S. Amateur singles & mixed doubles finals, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, N.Y.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

Horse Racing

Horseman Stake (Grand Circuit), \$28,000, 2-yr.-old trot, Indiana State Fair, Indianapolis.

Swimming

North American 6-meter championship, Lake Ontario, Toronto.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

Boxing

● Paul Andrews vs. Bobby Hughes, light-heavyweights, Chicago Stadium, (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Fishing

tall. Tuna Cup match, Wedgetop, N.S.

Horse Racing

The Fox Stake (Grand Circuit), \$28,000, 2-yr.-old pace, Indiana State Fair, Indianapolis.

Swimming

North American sr. men's championships, Mallory Cup, Southern Y.C., New Orleans.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

Billiards

World championship, Buenos Aires.

Motorcycling

Grand Prix, Isle of Man.

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YESTERDAY

A QUEEN WALKED OUT

The Moody-Jacobs tennis match in 1933 caused more controversy than any other women's sports event

FOR TEN YEARS Helen Wills Moody had so completely dominated women's tennis that when she met Helen Jacobs for the American championship at Forest Hills on August 26, 1933, it was not a question of whether she would win but of how long it would take her to run out the match. Since the two first met in a practice match in 1923 (won by Helen Wills, 6-0, 6-0, in 39 minutes) the Jacobs girl had never taken a set from her. Three times they had clashed at Forest Hills, twice at Wimbledon, and the best Miss Jacobs could do was to get three games in one set; the worst, a 6-0, 6-0 drubbing in the Seabright final two years before. For this reason, only 8,000 people were in the stadium to see the two Californians have at each other. The gallery would have been even smaller had it not been for the known coolness existing between the two, stemming from a home town rivalry, and the fact that Miss Jacobs was the defending American champion. She had won the title the previous year in a tournament Mrs. Moody did not enter.

Although she was the challenger, Mrs. Moody was still the Queen of tennis, invincible since 1926, loser of only one set here or abroad since 1927. Statuesque, with classic Grecian features, cool and imperturbable, she was the hardest hitter from both the forehand and backhand that women's tennis has ever known. Her blazing speed had gained her six Wimbledon championships, three French titles and now at the age of 27, she was seeking her eighth American championship.



BEFORE THE MATCH both Helens were smiling as they posed with Hoteombe Ward of U.S.L.T.A.



IN MID-SET HELEN WILLS MOODY DECIDES TO CALL IT QUITS. HELEN

The blonde and more solidly built Helen Jacobs, two years younger than her foe, was an artist at the forehand chop, possessed a powerful service and backhand and had a sound net game. She knew that she could not win by swapping drives with the Queen, that she must come to the net to volley and smash. This she did with telling effect in the first set which went to 3-3 and then 5-5. At that point, Miss Jacobs broke Mrs. Moody's service and ran out the set, 8-6, the first she had ever taken from the Queen.

It was apparent that Mrs. Moody was off form. Few



DURING THE MATCH Helen Jacobs (foreground) often charged the net to angle sharp volleys into Mrs. Moody's court.



JACOBS STANDS STUNNED AT OPPONENT'S UNEXPECTED WALKOUT

knew that she had been under a doctor's care for an injured back some weeks before, or that Miss Jacobs had entered the tournament against her doctor's advice because of an acute inflammation of the gall bladder. These ailments, however, did not prevent them from sweeping through the tournament to the final.

In the second set Mrs. Moody was back on form. Mixing drop shots with her accustomed baseline drives, she took it, 6-3, and when the girls walked off the court for the 10-minute intermission (as usual, without exchanging a



AT MOMENT OF DEFAULT Helen With Moody sips water as Miss Jacobs, bewildered, appeals to Umpire Ben Dwight.

word) it looked like it was going to be another Moody day.

But from the start of the final set there was little doubt that Helen Jacobs was going to win. Playing brilliantly and with confidence, she forced her opponent into a series of errors and soon had a 3-0 lead. At the beginning of the fourth game Miss Jacobs, who was about to serve, turned to the ball boy for the balls, her back to the court. When she turned around to serve she was astonished to see an empty court. Queen Helen had walked off and was at the umpire's stand calmly putting on her blue sweater.

"My leg is bothering me. I can't go on," she said when Miss Jacobs reached her. As umpire Ben Dwight announced that Miss Jacobs had won by default, Queen Helen walked unassisted and without limping to her dressing room. The girls did not shake hands.

Mrs. Moody's walkout produced a roar of controversy. The Jacobs partisans shouted that Mrs. Moody was a quitter, that she should have remained on the court for a few more minutes even if she were in extreme pain, which they doubted anyway. The Queen's supporters held that had she continued she would have fainted and might have suffered permanent injury. How was it then, the Jacobs camp replied, that shortly after the walkout she announced that she would play in the doubles final that very afternoon? (She was talked out of it by one of the officials.) And so the controversy raged, in the press and even among those who had never seen a tennis match.

The two Helens met twice again and Mrs. Moody won both matches. The last time, at Wimbledon in 1938, Miss Jacobs was tied with Mrs. Moody in the first set when she injured a tendon in her right foot and could not run for anything. But Miss Jacobs did not default. Although she didn't win another game, she limped through to the finish.



AFTER THE MATCH Helen Jacobs looked let down and unhappy as she accepted trophy she had kept as result of default.



'OY BOWLING AB'

It means 'Bowling, Inc.' and possibly a good deal more to the U.S.

by VICTOR KALMAN

HELSINKI

IF YOU were to walk down Ruusulan-
katu, one of Helsinki's main streets,
you would have to look closely to
see the sign, no larger than a doctor's
bronze door plaque: "Oy Bowling Ab."
It marks the only academy in Fin-
land's capital—a mere ten lanes simi-
lar to the basement alleys that were
the vogue in the United States a quar-
ter-century ago. Yet it might well be
the most important bowling establish-
ment in the world.

It was in *Oy Bowling Ab* (which
simply means Bowling, Inc.) that the
stars of seven nations competed in the
International Federation of Bowling
championships in June. It is here—the
sport's easternmost outpost in the free
world—that the U.S. has a tremendous
opportunity to enhance its prestige po-
litically as well as athletically.

It's difficult, at first, to appreci-
ate what bowling means to these peo-
ple. Only 2,625 men and one woman
throughout this country of 4,000,000
inhabitants compete regularly under
the sanction of the Finnish Bowling
Association, which has adopted the
rules of the American Bowling Con-
gress. But when the five best bowlers
of Helsinki, say, roll a team from the
western port of Turku, several hun-
dred rooters travel with the visiting
team, and thousands—literally hang-
ing from rafters and shanked up pil-
lars—jam the alleys for the match.

MUSIC FOR BOWLERS

The international championships
here were preceded by a parade and
opened by the mayor of Helsinki before
a throng that included most of the diplo-
matic corps. A 20-piece band played
the national anthems of the winning
teams and individuals as they stood at
attention on Olympic pedestals to re-
ceive their gold, silver and bronze tro-
phies and medals. Competition was in
Classes A, B, C and D. Wire agencies

flushed results to newspapers in Fin-
land, Sweden, Western Germany, Aus-
tria, Switzerland, the Saar and Yugo-
slavia, all of whom were represented.

"It was a bitter disappointment,"
reported Stockholm's most influential
sports newspaper, "that the Americans,
who sired the modern game of bow-
ling, did not see fit to send a team." Osk-
ar Holm, secretary of the Finnish
Bowling Association, recognized that it
would have cost a great deal for a U.S.
team to come here, but he "deeply re-
gretted" that the American Bowling

Congress did not even deign to reply to
an invitation to participate. The West
Germans felt that at least GPs based
in Germany could have represented
their country in the championships.

GOODWILL FROM 1925

You see, the old-timers here still re-
member the great American team, built
around national champion Joe Scribner
of Detroit, which toured the capitals
of Europe in 1929 and was feted by the
late King Gustav of Sweden. Scan-
dinavian bowling leaders still keep in
touch with some of the men who ac-
companied the team—big, jovial Al
Lattrin, who later became president of
the A.B.C. and now operates an acad-
emy at Lexington and 47th St., New
York and Bill Landgraf, former pres-
ident of the New York Bowling Asso-
ciation, who has done as much to pro-
mote the sport as any man in the U.S.

In 1952 at Zurich, Switzerland, the
European nations organized the Inter-
national Federation of Bowling. The
federation has four divisions: (1) bow-
lers who follow A.B.C. rules; (2) those
who roll outdoors on asphalt alleys;
(3) those who roll ninepins or similar
games in which scoring and equipment
differ from tenpins, and (4) those who
roll tenpins but not according to ABC
rules. Prof. Ivan Krizanec of Yugoslavia
is president of the federation. Sweden's
Hans Berger is chairman of the division
patterned after the A.B.C.

The Europeans have altered two
A.B.C. regulations. In team competi-
tion the lead-off men of each quintet
roll the entire ten frames (changing
lanes after each frame) instead of one
frame. This head-and-head bowling
naturally leads to higher scores than
the American system of rolling in turn.
However, the rule change was neces-
sary because in winter the alleys are
not so well heated as in the States and
contestants must wear heavy sweaters
or coats when not bowling.

The second, more basic rule is: no
cash awards. Bowling is strictly an
amateur sport. But when you see a
mature man on a pedestal, unashamed
tears streaking down his face as his na-
tional anthem is played, and you sense
his pride at having scored a victory for
his country, the biggest sweepstakes
prize in the U.S. seems cheap by com-
parison.

The A.B.C., the proprietors and the
manufacturers could do themselves and
America an immense service by sending
a team to *Oy Bowling Ab* next summer
and competing in the 1955 interna-
tional championships in West Germany
along the way.



THE DESERT FOX

Tex Rickard, owner of a Nevada
gambling house, began his career as
a fight promoter 48 years ago this
week. He offered \$30,000 in gold for
a lightweight title match between
champion Joe Gans and durable Bat-
tling Nelson at Goldfield, Nevada.
Though eastern writers ridiculed him
for promoting "in a desert," Rickard
made a \$10,000 profit on the fight,
which Gans won in 42 rounds.

YOU SHOULD KNOW

if you are going to take up archery

Food, foul play and fun

THE bow and arrow is believed to have been invented about 15,000 years ago by a race of people called the Aurignacians. And not for fun, either. The Aurignacians were hungry and they found a bow-driven shaft more efficient than a hand-thrown spear for stocking the family table. Came the early days of the Pharaohs, and the Egyptians—an unfriendly lot—discovered that the bow and arrow could be used to slaughter one's neighbors. It was thanks to the bow and arrow that Egypt conquered the Persians, who were armed only with javelins and slingshots. Some 350 years ago the bow and arrow was superseded by gunpowder as a weapon of war, and the gun-bearing peoples soon conquered the last of the arrow shooters. Since then archery has existed principally as a sport although some African peoples still use bows and arrows for food-getting.

• • •

American archery

The sport got its start in the U.S. in 1879 with the formation of the National Archery Association. Today it is one of the country's most popular leisure pastimes, enjoyed by an estimated four million men, women and children. A great many archers never venture beyond the target ranges, but others—like the Aurignacians—have discovered that a well-placed arrow can bring down animals as large as a giant Kodiak bear. In Michigan alone some 33,000 archers hunted big game last year.

• • •

Bows

Before you can shoot an arrow you have to have a bow. But consult an expert before buying one. The weight and tension of your bow should be determined by your size and strength. It's something you can't judge.

Archery is not a game of strength but of skill. Anyone has enough muscle to operate a bow. It's the way you shoot it that counts. A bow with a "pull" of 50 to 60 pounds is sufficient, with 60 to 65 generally the top pull required for hunting purposes. Bows cost up to \$70, depending on type of wood, tension, and various features of construction. If you're a beginner, start with an inexpensive bow. One costing \$7 or \$8 will do nicely for learning.

• • •

Arrows

Hunting arrows cost about \$14 a dozen. Target arrows are more expensive but can be re-used indefinitely. Aluminum target arrows run to \$30 or so a dozen, but if that's too rich for your blood, good learning arrows made of cedar, spruce or fir are available for about \$5 a dozen. These are best for beginners. In proper shooting form, the arrow should barely rest on the hand holding the bow when the releasing hand has been brought back beneath your chin. Once you've mastered the technique it's worthwhile to invest in a set of matched arrows. When buying arrows check to see that they have the proper stiffness for your bow.

• • •

Paraphernalia

Much less equipment is required in archery than in most other sports. Outside of your working tools—the bow and arrow—you will probably want a quiver to hold your arrows (\$9 to \$30), arm guards to protect against flesh burn (\$1.50 to \$2.25) and a shooting glove (\$2.25) or tab finger protector (\$1 or so). In fact any old leather glove with the fingers cut out will suffice. You may want a target of your own. Most cost from \$8 to \$14 but you can make one in your home from straw and canvas for much less. A stand for your target will run about \$3.50. Targets will last two to three years.

• • •

Learning to shoot

To learn the correct form, technique and procedure for using a bow and arrow you must have a teacher. Books on archery may give you a good idea of how it's done, but only an instructor can show you the proper way to aim and release your arrows. The releasing hand should be tucked carefully under your chin, where you can't see it to check your form. Instruction fees of professionals usually run about \$5 an hour. Two or three lessons should suffice.

YOU SHOULD KNOW continued

Finding compatriots

Archers usually do their practicing in out-of-the-way places where there is little chance that curious bystanders will interfere. For this reason you may have trouble finding where your local archery group gathers. If you know of no club in your area, write the National Archery Association, c/o Lawrence E. Briggs, secretary-treasurer, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass., or the National Field Archery Association, c/o John L. Yount, P.O. Box 388, Redlands, Calif. They'll be able to put you on the trail of a group near your home.

• • •

The law

Regulations on the practice of archery vary widely. The use of a bow and arrow on a target range is virtually unrestricted, but it's best to check your local archery club or law enforcement agency to keep from running afoul of local rules. And no William Tell stunts, please. Even the experts can't shoot an apple off someone's head regularly. In target practice, look around before you shoot and allow 30 to 40 yards clearance on each side and behind the target.

In the field you may need a special hunting license if your state allows bow and arrow hunting—and most do. Bow and arrow seasons differ from those for firearms. Check with your conservation authorities. They can also tell you the best times, places and weather conditions for the game you're after.

• • •

The hunt

Once you've learned to shoot with reasonable accuracy you're ready for the woods. But take it easy. Leave bears, wild boar and other such creatures alone until you can be sure of getting them before they get you. Start with rabbits, woodchucks and deer and don't be disappointed if you don't hit anything the first few times out. It's difficult but practice will help. Before going hunting you can practice by setting up a straw-filled burlap dummy about the size of your prospective game. It will help sharpen your eye, especially if you try whirling and shooting at it from all angles and positions.

Most of your shooting will be from 30 to 50 yards, though at times you'll be much closer. Learn to shoot quickly and judge distance accurately. Practice shooting an arrow and reloading rapidly for a second shot. Your quarry may attack you.

• • •

Clothes and care

Unlike gun hunters who wear bright caps to protect themselves, archers usually wear green shades to conceal their approach from their targets. But if gun hunters are in the woods, wear red for your own protection. High boots with rubber soles are desirable as is a first-aid kit in case of injury. Always be careful. Remember you're hard to see. Be sure to get permission to go on any piece of land from its owner. He'll usually be glad to oblige and may be able to give you helpful pointers. It's also a good idea to let a ranger, game warden or someone else know where you are so they can find you in case of accident. NEVER GO OUT ALONE. Always have at least one other person with you for safety's sake.

• • •

Reading matter

There are more publications and books available than you'd think. The leading magazines are *Archery* (monthly, \$2.25 a year, P.O. Box H, Palm Desert, Calif.) and the *Archer's Magazine* (monthly, \$2.50 a year, the Archer's Publishing Co., 1200 Walnut St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.). There are many good books on archery. Two in particular will get your library off to a good start: *Hunting the Hard Way* by Howard Hill (Wilcox & Follett Co., \$7.50) and *Hunting with a Bow and Arrow* by Saxton Pope (Putnam, \$3.50). These should interest you whether you decide you like archery or not. Chances are you will. Happy Hunting!

by The Know-it-all

RELAX!



Better engine performance is automatic with a Hollingshead LUBRICATOR. Injects Motor Rhythm directly in engine. Get this LUBRICATOR on the Service Center shown here. It identifies the stations that know how to take care of your car.



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HIS NAME IS BILL TALBERT



... he's captain of the U. S. Davis Cup team. For 12 years in a row he was among the first 10 players in the national rankings.

At the striding age of 35, it looks as if he's determined to be "the grand old man of tennis".

And it turns out he can write about tennis as well as he can play it. You'll find out for yourself in his regular tennis column for

SPORTS

Aug. 31, failed to mention his brief but nonetheless significant career as a freshman basketball player at the University of Southern California (graphic evidence enclosed).



KEY SHOOTER VINES

Also let me tell you about Jim Thorpe. Thorpe never had the good fortune to attend U.S.C., but you managed to do him a slight injustice (Aug. 16). You robbed him of the one event in which his 1912 Olympic decathlon marks exceeded Bob Mathias' 1952 performances. You credit Mathias with a 1,500-meter time of 4 min. 33.6 sec. in the 1952 U.S. championships when he actually ran 4:55.5. (The 4:55.6 finisher that day was a Harvard graduate out of Dickens named Otey Scruggs.) The 1,500 was the one event in which Mathias never did equal Thorpe's time of 4:40.1. Bob's fastest was 4:50.8, although no doubt he could have run faster if he'd known you needed it to prove that The Golden Age Is Now.

H. D. THOREAU

Los Angeles, Calif.

A MAJOR SPARKLE

Sirs:

The story of Francis Ouimet, "Francis' Game" was of particular interest to me because he is "one grand guy" and a friend of mine. A major sparkle in the diamond-studded diadem of this illustrious man was, unfortunately, not mentioned in the write-up. It is a tribute to a great American that will give all Americans cause to bask in reflected glory.

In September 1951 Francis Ouimet was elected Captain (President) of St. Andrews Royal and Ancient Golf Club in St. Andrews, Scotland. This is the first time that this great honor was bestowed on anyone outside the British Isles in the 200-year history of St. Andrews.

Knowing that you want to record the great sports happenings of all times, I am enclosing a picture in full color of Francis Ouimet wearing the very unusual Captain's coat of scarlet and a replica of the Queen Adelaide medal.

W. E. KREUER

Boston



Remember—Only you can
PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

New York Post

Published by the New York Post Company, 125 West Street, New York, N.Y. 10038. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1877. Post Office at New York, N.Y., authorized as a newspaper.

Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

Up at Grossinger's resort in the Catskill Mountains where Rocky Marciano is training, Columnist Jimmy Cannon found the champ playing host to Tiger Louis of Tennessee who says he'd be proud to have Rocky kill him



THE GOAT OF SCARLET IN BLACK AND WHITE

ANCIENT MARINERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on the wonderful job SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is doing to cover not only the entire field of sports, but in particular, yachting!

The 35 ft. ketch *Sea Queen* is one of the most beautiful and colorful ships in these waters. She is manned by a crew that averages over 56 years of age.

Sea Queen has won first in the Los Angeles Yacht Club opening regatta, as well as the Fleet Inspection, on general condition and upkeep of the ship, for this year. She has also won the second Catalina Island Race of the Winward and West Coast Yacht Clubs; the Los Angeles to Catalina Race of the Catalina Island Yacht Club for the famous Wilbur May trophy; the Divided Jig championship in the Pacific Coast Yachting Association's 31st Annual Championship Regatta; and last week-end, the Ship Rock to Seal Beach Race for the Yacht Racing Union. *Sea Queen* is definitely the champion of the Pacific Coast this year!

MRS. M. YUNKERS

Beverly Hills, Calif.



SEA QUEEN WITH GENOA JIB

THE ELOQUENT BALL

Sirs:

We welcome into our ranks the First Gopher of the Land. More eloquently than a score card the gash on the ball reveals that President Eisenhower, though superior in many fields of endeavor, in golf falls into the handicap group of the masses.

GUS FAULK

Titusville, Fla.

NOT UCLA

Sirs:

Somebody goofed. Paula Jean (p. 62 SI, Aug. 25) is a student at the University of Southern California, not UCLA.

W. S. DUNIWAY

Los Angeles



THE long distance operator said Memphis, Tenn. was calling Rocky Marciano, person to person. The champion took it and the man on the other end of the line sounded excited in a drawing way.

"My one ambition is to box with you," said the man. "You're my idol."

"Who is this?" Marciano asked.

"This is Tiger Louis," the man said.

"I'll come up there if you'll let me box with you. It's my ambition in life."

"Who is this?" Marciano asked.

"Tiger Louis," the man replied. "I used to be a fighter. I'm in the real estate business now. Please let me box with you."

"I'M ON MY WAY"

"We haven't got much room," Marciano explained. "And it's pretty expensive up here."

"I don't need money," answered Tiger Louis. "I got all the money in Tennessee. I'm on my way."

We were eating dinner in the kitchen of the cottage on the edge of the airport where Marciano lives as he trains to fight Ezzard Charles Sept. 15. Marciano got up and demonstrated how Louis arrived. He went outside and closed the door behind him and then flung it open. He stood there with his right hand raised dramatically.

"Hiya, Rocky," Marciano said. "Hiya, champ. He walked right in and put his hand out. I said who are you? He said, Rocky, I'm Tiger Louis. I'm ready to box."

The Tiger is paunchy and unmarked, but he is an agreeable fellow and states his admiration for Marciano in endless tributes. He is living with the sparring partners and spends his time trying to get Marciano to pose with him when the hotel photographer drops by.

Charlie Goldman, Marciano's trainer, decided to put Louis in with Joe

Gannon who works with the champion.

"The Tiger was game," said Al Colombo, who is Marciano's friend. "He threw a lot of punches but Joe rattled combinations off his chin. He's not going to box with Rocky."

The Tiger came to the house to get Marciano to autograph his collection of photographs.

"Rocky is liable to kill you," I said.

"It would be a pleasure to be killed by him," Louis said.

"Who'd you fight?" I asked.

"Billy Kilgore is the best fighter I boxed," he said.

After Louis left, we looked up Kilgore's record in the boxing guide. There was no reference to any Tiger Louis.

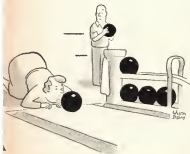
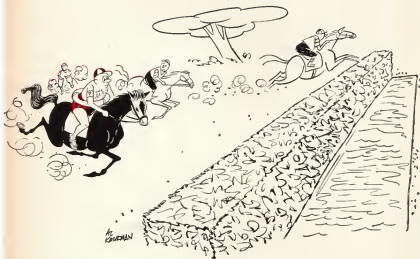
GRACE OF A CHAMPION

There are few fighters who adjust themselves to the loneliness of training. They become cranky and abrupt with the help, and some of them abuse themselves with the cruelty of practical jokes. But Marciano is a kind-natured man.

He accepts the responsibility of being a champion and acts like one. It is not a struggle either. Some of them discipline themselves and present a public personality that conceals their true nature. But Marciano is courteous to the pests and the eccentrics who show up at his training camp. He is an intelligent guy and enjoys the homage all champions know. But he doesn't take advantage of his position. Only Joe Louis in my time had this grace.

"A guy who pops off," said Marciano, "there must be something wrong somewhere. A guy who says he is going to do this and do that . . . I've seen too many of them. So I never like to say what I'm going to do in a fight. It sounds like popping off."

N.Y. Post © 1954 N.Y. Post Corp.



"Will you turn that darn baseball game off?"

How I feel
about **LIFE**



A NEW LANGUAGE

At George Eastman House, we recently wanted to show visitors how a picture story is put together. We asked LIFE editors to lend us all the photographs taken for a typical story.

We received more than 1,500 prints!

At first sight, it seemed wasteful that so many pictures were taken and so few used. But, as we studied the pictures, we realized that LIFE was not relying on chance.

The exhibition showed that the creative photographer does not take casual snapshots, but seeks the instant that has aptly been called *evocative*. In the scant seconds between exposure, a hand had moved, a face had turned,

an expression had changed; and tension, actions, even personal hopes or fears were revealed more sharply.

The LIFE editor does not simply arrange illustrations, he selects those pictures which, accompanied by words as carefully chosen as the images, will best inform us and stir our emotions.

Pictures taken feelingly, plus words chosen skillfully, combined with imagination and taste, are greater than words and pictures alone. When you see the combination in LIFE—you are reading a new language of great communicative power.

by BEAUMONT NEWHALL, Curator,
George Eastman House of Photography,
Rochester, N. Y.



What have VICEROYS got that other filter tip cigarettes haven't got?



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